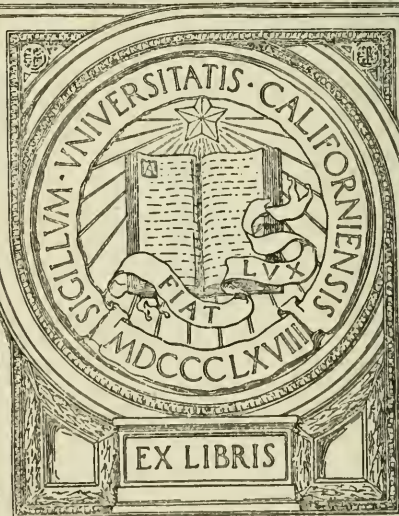


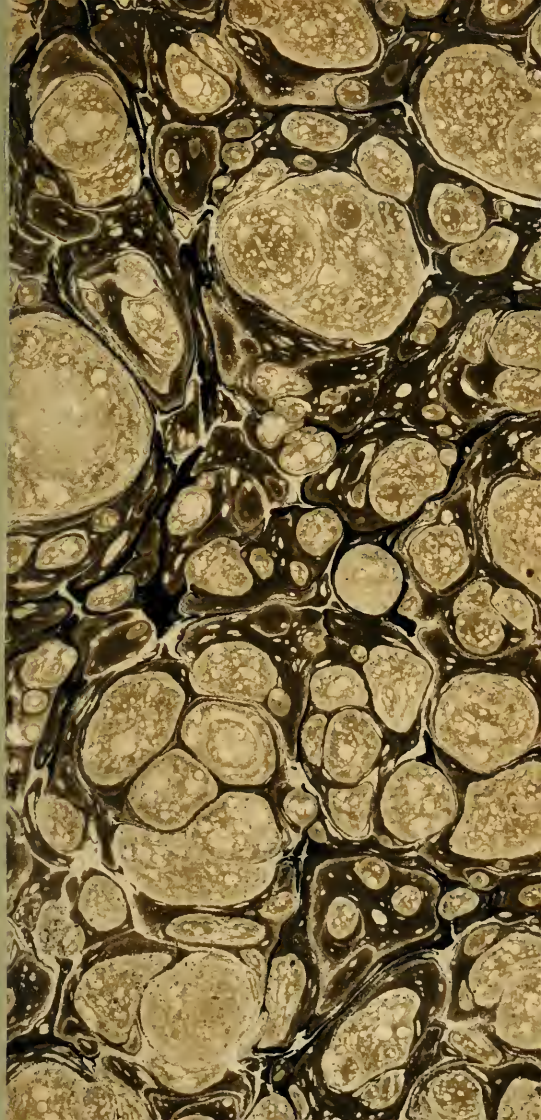


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XIII.

COWLEY, VOL. I.

CHISWICK:

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COLLEGE HOUSE;

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THE

# POEMS

OF

Abraham Cowley.

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VOL. I.

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Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,  
COLLEGE HOUSE.

22.4.1758



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COWLEY. DENHAM.  
MILTON.

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THE  
LIFE OF ABRAHAM COWLEY.

BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

---

THE Life of Cowley, notwithstanding the penury of English biography, has been written by Dr. Sprat, an author whose pregnancy of imagination and elegance of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature; but his zeal of friendship, or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than a history: he has given the character, not the life, of Cowley; for he writes with so little detail, that scarcely any thing is distinctly known, but all is shown confused and enlarged through the mist of panegyric.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in the year 1618. His father was a grocer, whose condition Dr. Sprat conceals under the general appellation of a citizen; and, what would probably not have been less carefully suppressed, the omission of his name in the register of St. Dunstan's parish, gives reason to suspect that his father was a sectary. Whoever he was, he died before the birth of his son, and consequently left him to the care of his mother; whom Wood represents as struggling earnestly to procure him a literary education, and who, as she lived to the age of eighty, had her solicitude rewarded by seeing her son eminent, and, I hope, by seeing him fortunate,

and partaking his prosperity. We know at least, from Sprat's account, that he always acknowledged her care, and justly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's *Fairy Queen*; in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called Genius. The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great Painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's treatise.

By his mother's solicitation he was admitted into Westminster-school, where he was soon distinguished. He was wont, says Sprat, to relate, 'That he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his teachers never could bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar.'

This is an instance of the natural desire of man to propagate a wonder. It is surely very difficult to tell any thing as it was heard, when Sprat could not refrain from amplifying a commodious incident, though the book to which he prefixed his narrative contained its confutation. A memory admitting some things, and rejecting others, an intellectual digestion that concocted the pulp of learning, but refused the husks, had the appearance of an instinctive elegance, of a particular provision made by Nature for literary politeness. But in the author's own honest relation, the marvel vanishes: he was, he says, such 'an enemy to all constraint, that his master never could prevail on him to learn the rules without book.' He does not tell that he could not learn the rules, but that, being able to perform his exercises without

them, and being an 'enemy to constraint,' he spared himself the labour.

Among the English poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be said 'to lisp in numbers;' and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seems scarcely credible. But of the learned puerilities of Cowley there is no doubt, since a volume of his poems was not only written, but printed in his thirteenth year<sup>1</sup>; containing, with other poetical compositions, 'The tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe,' written when he was ten years old: and 'Constantia and Philetus,' written two years after.

While he was yet at school, he produced a comedy, called 'Love's Riddle,' though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge. This comedy is of the pastoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world, and therefore the time at which it was composed adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority.

In 1636, he was removed to Cambridge<sup>2</sup>, where he continued his studies with great intenseness; for he is said to have written, while he was yet a young student, the greater part of his 'Davideis;' a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the study of many years, but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity.

Two years after his settlement at Cambridge, he published 'Love's Riddle,' with a poetical dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby; of whose acquaintance all his contemporaries seem to have been ambitious; and 'Nanfragium Joculare,' a comedy written in Latin,

<sup>1</sup> This was not published before 1633, when Cowley was fifteen years old.

<sup>2</sup> He was a candidate at Westminster-School for election to Trinity-College, but proved unsuccessful.



but without due attention to the ancient models; for it is not loose verse, but mere prose. It was printed, with a dedication in verse to Dr. Comber, master of the college; but, having neither the facility of a popular nor the accuracy of a learned work, it seems to be now universally neglected.

At the beginning of the civil war, as the Prince passed through Cambridge in his way to York, he was entertained with a representation of the 'Guardian,' a comedy, which Cowley says was neither written nor acted, but rough-drawn by him, and repeated by the scholars. That this comedy was printed during his absence from his country, he appears to have considered as injurious to his reputation; though, during the suppression of the theatres, it was sometimes privately acted with sufficient approbation.

In 1643, being now master of arts, he was, by the prevalence of the parliament, ejected from Cambridge, and sheltered himself at St. John's College, in Oxford; where, as is said by Wood, he published a satire, called 'The Puritan and Papist,' which was only inserted in the last collection of his works; and so distinguished himself by the warmth of his loyalty, and the elegance of his conversation, that he gained the kindness and confidence of those who attended the King, and amongst others of Lord Falkland, whose notice cast a lustre on all to whom it was extended.

About the time when Oxford was surrendered to the parliament, he followed the Queen to Paris, where he became secretary to the Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, and was employed in such correspondence as the royal cause required, and particularly in ciphering and deciphering the letters that passed between the King and Queen; an employment of the highest confidence and honour. So wide was his province of intelligence, that, for seve-

ral years, it filled all his days and two or three nights in the week.

In the year 1647, his 'Mistress' was published; for he imagined, as he declared in his preface to a subsequent edition, that 'poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to Love.'

This obligation to amorous ditties owes, I believe, its original to the fame of Petrarch, who, in an age rude and uncultivated, by his tuneful homage to his Laura, refined the manners of the lettered world, and filled Europe with love and poetry. But the basis of all excellence is truth: he that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover, and Laura doubtless deserved his tenderness. Of Cowley, we are told by Barnes<sup>3</sup>, who had means enough of information, that, whatever he may talk of his own inflammability, and the variety of characters by which his heart was divided, he in reality was in love but once, and then never had resolution to tell his passion.

This consideration cannot but abate, in some measure, the reader's esteem for the work and the author. To love excellence, is natural; it is natural likewise for the lover to solicit reciprocal regard by an elaborate display of his own qualifications. The desire of pleasing has in different men produced actions of heroism, and effusions of wit; but it seems as reasonable to appear the champion as the poet of an 'airy nothing,' and to quarrel as to write for what Cowley might have learned from his master Pindar to call the 'dream of a shadow.'

It is surely not difficult, in the solitude of a college, or in the bustle of the world, to find useful studies and serious employment. No man needs to be so burthened with life as to squander it in voluntary

<sup>3</sup> Barnesii Anacreontem.

dreams of fictitious occurrences. The man that sits down to suppose himself charged with treason or peculation, and heats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he was never within the possibility of committing, differs only by the infrequency of his folly from him who praises beauty which he never saw; complains of jealousy which he never felt; supposes himself sometimes invited, and sometimes forsaken; fatigues his fancy, and ransacks his memory, for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloominess of despair; and dresses his imaginary Chloris or Phyllis sometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and sometimes in gems lasting as her virtues.

At Paris, as secretary to Lord Jermyn, he was engaged in transacting things of real importance with real men and real women, and at that time did not much employ his thoughts upon phantoms of gallantry. Some of his letters to Mr. Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, from April to December, in 1650, are preserved in ‘*Miscellanea Aulica*,’ a collection of papers published by Brown. These letters, being written like those of other men whose minds are more on things than words, contribute no otherwise to his reputation than as they show him to have been above the affectation of unseasonable elegance, and to have known that the business of a statesman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetoric.

One passage, however, seems not unworthy of some notice. Speaking of the Scotch treaty then in agitation:

‘The Scotch treaty, says he, ‘is the only thing now in which we are vitally concerned; I am one of the last hoppers, and yet cannot now abstain from believing that an agreement will be made; all people upon the place incline to that of union. The Scotch will moderate something of the rigour of their demands; the mutual necessity of an accord is visible,

the King is persuaded of it. And to tell you the truth (which I take to be an argument above all the rest), Virgil has told the same thing to that purpose.'

This expression from a secretary of the present time would be considered as merely ludicrous, or at most as an ostentatious display of scholarship; but the manners of that time were so tinged with superstition, that I cannot but suspect Cowley of having consulted on this great occasion the Virgilian lots<sup>4</sup>, and to have given some credit to the answer of his oracle.

Some years afterwards, 'business,' says Sprat, 'passed of course into other hands;' and Cowley, being no longer useful at Paris, was in 1656 sent back into England, that, 'under pretence of privacy and retirement, he might take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation.'

Soon after his return to London, he was seized by some messengers of the usurping powers, who were sent out in quest of another man; and being examined, was put into confinement, from which he was not dismissed without the security of a thousand pounds given by Dr. Scarborough.

This year he published his poems, with a preface, in which he seems to have inserted something, sup-

<sup>4</sup> Consulting the Virgilian lots, is a method of Divination by the opening of Virgil, and applying to the circumstances of the peruser the first passage in either of the two pages that he accidentally fixes his eye on. Charles I. and Lord Falkland, being in the Bodleian library, are reported to have made this experiment of their future fortunes, with passages equally ominous to each. That of the king was *Æneid* IV. 615. Lord Falkland's *Æneid* XI. 152.

Hoffman, who gives a satisfactory account of this practice of seeking fates in books, says, that it was resorted to by the Pagans, the Jewish Rabbins, and the early Christians; the latter taking the *New Testament* for their oracle.

However superstitious, *this* method of Divination is still appealed to by numbers of religious enthusiasts.

pressed in subsequent editions, which was interpreted to denote some relaxation of his loyalty. In this preface he declares, that 'his desire had been for some days past, and did still very vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever.'

From the obloquy which the appearance of submission to the usurpers brought upon him, his biographer has been very diligent to clear him, and indeed it does not seem to have lessened his reputation. His wish for retirement we can easily believe to be undissembled; a man harassed in one kingdom, and persecuted in another, who, after a course of business that employed all his days and half his nights in ciphering and deciphering, comes to his own country and steps into a prison, will be willing enough to retire to some place of quiet and of safety. Yet let neither our reverence for a genius, nor our pity for a sufferer, dispose us to forget, that, if his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice.

He then took upon himself the character of physician, still, according to Sprat, with intention, 'to dissemble the main design of his coming over;' and, as Mr. Wood relates, 'complying with the men then in power (which was much taken notice of by the royal party), he obtained an order to be created Doctor of Physic, which being done to his mind (whereby he gained the ill-will of some of his friends,) he went into France again, having made a copy of verses on Oliver's death.'

This is no favourable representation, yet even in this not much wrong can be discovered. How far he complied with the men in power, is to be inquired before he can be blamed. It is not said that he told them any secrets, or assisted them by intelligence or any other act. If he only promised to be quiet, that they in whose hands he was might free him from confinement, he did what no law of society prohibits.



The man whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality: for, the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before; the neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another may not promise to aid him in any injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

There is reason to think that Cowley promised little. It does not appear that his compliance gained him confidence enough to be trusted without security, for the bond of his bail was never cancelled; nor that it made him think himself secure, for, at that dissolution of government which followed the death of Oliver, he returned into France, where he resumed his former station, and staid till the Restoration.

‘He continued,’ says his biographer, ‘under these bonds till the general deliverance;’ it is therefore to be supposed that he did not go to France, and act again for the King, without the consent of his bondsman; that he did not show his loyalty at the hazard of his friend, but by his friend’s permission.

Of the verses on Oliver’s death, in which Wood’s narrative seems to imply something encomiastic, there has been no appearance. There is a discourse concerning his government, indeed, with verses intermixed, but such as certainly gained its author no friends among the abettors of usurpation.

A doctor of physic, however, he was made at Oxford in December, 1657; and in the commencement of the Royal Society, of which an account has been given by Dr. Birch, he appears busy among the experimental philosophers with the title of Dr. Cowley.

There is no reason for supposing that he ever attempted practice; but his preparatory studies have

contributed something to the honour of his country. Considering botany as necessary to a physician, he retired into Kent to gather plants; and as the predominance of a favourite study affects all subordinate operations of the intellect, botany in the mind of Cowley turned into Poetry. He composed in Latin several books on Plants, of which the first and second display the qualities of Herbs, in elegiac verse; the third and fourth, the beauties of Flowers, in various measures; and, in the fifth and sixth, the uses of Trees, in heroic numbers.

At the same time were produced, from the same university, the two great poets, Cowley and Milton, of dissimilar genius, of opposite principles: but concurring in the cultivation of Latin Poetry, in which the English, till their works and May's poem appeared<sup>5</sup>, seemed unable to contest the palm with any other of the lettered nations.

If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared (for May I hold to be superior to both), the advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley. Milton is generally content to express the thoughts of the ancients in their language; Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions.

At the Restoration, after all the diligence of his long service, and with consciousness not only of the merit of fidelity, but of the dignity of great abilities, he naturally expected ample preferments; and, that he might not be forgotten by his own fault, wrote a Song of Triumph. But this was a time of such general hope, that great numbers were inevitably disappointed; and Cowley found his reward very tediously delayed. He had been promised by both

<sup>5</sup> We are here to understand a continuation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* to the death of Julius Cæsar, by Thomas May, an eminent poet and historian, who flourished in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Charles the First and Second, the Mastership of the Savoy; 'but he lost it,' says Wood, 'by certain persons, enemies to the Muses.'

The neglect of the court was not his only mortification; having, by such alteration as he thought proper, fitted his old Comedy of 'The Guardian' for the stage, he produced it<sup>6</sup> under the title of 'The Cutter of Coleman-street<sup>7</sup>.' It was treated on the stage with great severity, and was afterwards censured as a satire on the King's party.

Mr. Dryden, who went with Mr. Sprat to the first exhibition, related to Mr. Dennis, 'that, when they told Cowley, how little favour had been shown him, he received the news of his ill-success, not with so much firmness as might have been expected from so great a man.'

What firmness they expected, or what weakness Cowley discovered, cannot be known. He that misses his end will never be as much pleased as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself; and, when the end is to please the multitude, no man, perhaps, has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and shame by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence.

For the rejection of this play it is difficult now to find the reason: it certainly has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention, and exciting merriment. From the charge of disaffection he exculpates himself in his preface, by observing how unlikely it is that, having followed the royal family through all their distresses, 'he should choose the

<sup>6</sup> 1663.

<sup>7</sup> Here is an error in the designation of this comedy. The title of the play is without the article 'Cutter of Coleman-street;' and that because a merry sharking fellow about the town, named Cutter, forms a principal character in it.

time of their restoration to begin a quarrel with them.' It appears, however, from the Theatrical Register of Downes, the Prompter, to have been popularly considered as a satire on the Royalists.

That he might shorten this tedious suspense, he published his pretensions and his discontent, in an ode called 'The Complaint;' in which he styles himself the melancholy Cowley. This met with the usual fortune of complaints, and seems to have excited more contempt than pity.

These unlucky incidents are brought, maliciously enough, together in some stanzas, written about that time, on the choice of a laureat; a mode of satire, by which, since it was first introduced by Suckling, perhaps every generation of poets has been teased.

Savoy-missing Cowley came into the court,  
 Making apologies for his bad play;  
 Every one gave him so good a report,  
 That Apollo gave heed to all he could say;  
 Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,  
 Unless he had done some notable folly:  
 Writ verses unjustly in praise of Sam Tuke,  
 Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

His vehement desire of retirement now came again upon him. 'Not finding,' says the morose Wood, 'that preferment conferred upon him which he expected, while others for their money carried away most places, he retired discontented into Surry.'

'He was now,' says the courtly Sprat, 'weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a court; which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Those were the reasons that made him to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which, in the greatest throng of his former business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the true de-

lights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune.'

So differently are things seen! and so differently are they shown! but actions are visible, though motives are secret. Cowley certainly retired; first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surry. He seems, however, to have lost part of his dread of the 'hum of men.' He thought himself now safe enough from intrusion, without the defence of mountains and oceans; and, instead of seeking shelter in America, wisely went only so far from the bustle of life as that he might easily find his way back, when solitude should grow tedious. His retreat was at first but slenderly accommodated; yet he soon obtained, by the interest of the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, such a lease of the Queen's lands as afforded him an ample income.

By the lovers of virtue and of wit it will be solicitously asked, if he now was happy? Let them peruse one of his letters accidentally preserved by Peck, which I recommend to the consideration of all that may hereafter pant for solitude.

' TO DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

Chertsey, May 21, 1665.

'The first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke

your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *Monstri simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so far within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the Dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton Town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more: *Verbum sapienti.*'

He did not long enjoy the pleasure or suffer the uneasiness of solitude; for he died at the Porch-house in Chertsey, in 1667, in the 49th year of his age.

He was buried with great pomp near Chancer and Spenser; and king Charles pronounced, 'that Mr. Cowley had not left behind him a better man in England.' He is represented by Dr. Sprat as the most amiable of mankind; and this posthumous praise may safely be credited, as it has never been contradicted by envy or by faction.

Such are the remarks and memorials which I have been able to add to the narrative of Dr. Sprat; who, writing when the fends of the civil war were yet recent, and the minds of either party were easily irritated, was obliged to pass over many transactions in general expressions, and to leave curiosity often unsatisfied. What he did not tell, cannot however now be known; I must therefore recommend the perusal of his work, to which my narration can be considered only as a slender supplement.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasures in the minds of men, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature

to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets; of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry *τέχνη μιμητική*, an imitative art, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated any thing; they neither copied nature nor life, neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those however who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit; but maintains, that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being ‘that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed,’ they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope’s account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If, by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new; that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical

poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions, it will be readily inferred that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds; they never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as Beings looking upon good or evil, impassive and at leisure; as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sud-



den astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that Subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sun-beam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted however of the sublime, they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry: either something already learned is to be retrieved,

or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleiveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the Carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification, nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples: and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus Cowley on Knowledge:

The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;  
 The phœnix Truth did on it rest,  
 And built his perfumed nest,  
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic shew.  
 Each leaf did learned notions give,  
 And the' apples were demonstrative:  
 So clear their colour and divine,  
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age:

Love was with thy life entwined,  
 Close as heat with fire is joined;  
 A powerful brand prescribed the date  
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.  
 The' antiperistasis of age  
 More enflamed thy amorous rage.

In the following verses, we have an allusion to a Rabbinical opinion concerning Manna:

Variety I ask not: give me one  
 To live perpetually upon.  
 The person love does to us fit,  
 Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses:

In every thing there naturally grows  
 A Balsamum to keep it fresh and new,  
 If 'twere not injured by extrinsique blows;  
 Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.  
 But you, of learning and religion,  
 And virtue and such ingredients, have made  
 A mithridate, whose operation  
 Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said.

Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant:

This twilight of two years, not past nor next,  
 Some emblem is of me, or I of this,  
 Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex,  
 Whose what and where in disputation is,  
 If I should call me any thing, should miss.  
 I sum the years and me, and find me not  
 Debtor to the' old, nor creditor to the' new.  
 That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,  
 Nor trust I this with hopes ; and yet scarce true  
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd me you.  
DUNNE.

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon Man as a Microcosm :

If men be worlds, there is in every one  
 Something to answer in some proportion ;  
 All the world's riches : and in good men, this  
 Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is.

Of thoughts so far-fetched, as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full.

To a Lady, who wrote poesies for rings.

They, who above do various circles find,  
 Say, like a ring, the' equator Heaven does bind.  
 When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,  
 (Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)  
 'Tis thou must write the poesy there,  
 For it wanteth one as yet,  
 Then the sun pass through't twice a year,  
 The sun, which is esteem'd the god of wit.

COWLEY.

The difficulties which have been raised about identity in philosophy, are by Cowley with still more perplexity applied to Love :

Five years ago (says story) I loved you,  
 For which you call me most inconstant now ;  
 Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man ;  
 For I am not the same that I was then ;  
 No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,  
 And that my mind is changed yourself may see.  
 The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,  
 Were more inconstant far : for accidents

Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,  
 If from one subject they to' another move;  
 My members then, the father members were  
 From whence these take their birth, which now are here.  
 If then this body love what the' other did,  
 'Twere incest, which by nature is forbid.

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travels through different countries:

Hast thou not found each woman's breast  
 (The land where thou hast travelled)  
 Either by savages possest,  
 Or wild, and uninhabited?  
 What joy could'st take, or what repose,  
 In countries so uncivilized as those?  
 Lust, the scorching dog-star, here  
 Rages with immoderate heat;  
 Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,  
 In others makes the cold too great.  
 And where these are temperate known,  
 The soil's all barren sand, or rocky stone.

COWLEY.

A Lover, burnt up by his affection, is compared to Egypt:

The fate of Egypt I sustain,  
 And never feel the dew of rain  
 From clouds which in the head appear;  
 But all my too much moisture owe  
 To overflowings of the heart below.

COWLEY.

The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice:

And yet this death of mine, I fear,  
 Will ominous to her appear:  
 When, sound in every other part,  
 Her sacrifice is found without an heart.  
 For the last tempest of my death  
 Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

That the chaos was harmonized, has been recited of old; but whence the different sounds arose remained for a modern to discover:

The' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew ;  
 An artless war from thwarting motions grew ;  
 Till they to number and fixt rules were brought.  
 Water and air he for the Tenor chose,  
 Earth made the Base ; the Treble, flame arose.

COWLEY.

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical account ; but Donne has extended them into worlds. If the lines are not easily understood, they may be read again :

On a round ball  
 A workman, that hath copies by, can lay  
 An Europe, Afric, and an Asia ;  
 And quickly make that which was nothing all.  
 So doth each tear,  
 Which thee doth wear,  
 A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,  
 Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow  
 This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven dissolved so.

On reading the following lines, the reader may perhaps cry out—' Confusion worse confounded.'

Here lies a she-sun, and a he-moon here,  
 She gives the best light to his sphere,  
 Or each is both, and all, and so  
 They unto one another nothing owe.

D Donne.

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a telescope ?

Though God be our true glass through which we see  
 All, since the being of all things is he,  
 Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive  
 Things in proportion fit, by perspective,  
 Deeds of good men ; for by their living here,  
 Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.

Who would imagine it possible that, in a very few lines, so many remote ideas could be brought together ?

Since, 'tis my doom, Love's undershrieve,  
 Why this reprieve ?

Why doth my she-advowson fly  
 Incumbency?  
 To sell thyself dost thou intend  
 By candle's end,  
 And hold the contrast thus in doubt,  
 Life's taper out?  
 Think but how soon the market fails,  
 Your sex lives faster than the males;  
 And if to measure age's span,  
 The sober Julian were the' account of man,  
 Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian.

CLEVELAND.

Of enormous and disgusting hyperboles, these may  
 be examples:

By every wind that comes this way,  
 Send me at least a sigh or two,  
 Such and so many I'll repay  
 As shall themselves make wings to get to you.

COWLEY.

In tears I'll waste these eyes,  
 By Love so vainly fed;  
 So lust of old the Deluge punished.

COWLEY.

All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,  
 (A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.  
 The sun himself started with sudden fright,  
 To see his beams return so dismal bright.

COWLEY.

An universal consternation:

His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws  
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,  
 Lashing his angry tail and roaring out.  
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;  
 Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;  
 Silence and horror fill the place around;  
 Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.

COWLEY.

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his Mistress bathing.

The fish around her crowded, as they do  
 To the false light that treacherous fishers shew;  
 And all with as much ease might taken be,  
 As she at first took me:

For ne'er did light so clear  
 Among the waves appear,  
 Though every night the sun himself set there.

COWLEY.

'The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass:

My name engraved herein  
 Doth contribute my firmness to this glass;  
 Which, ever since that charm, hath been  
 As hard as that which graved it was.

DONNE.

Their conceits were sometimes slight and trifling.

On an inconstant woman:

He' enjoys the calmy sunshine now,  
 And no breath stirring hears,  
 In the clear heaven of thy brow  
 No smallest cloud appears.  
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,  
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

COWLEY.

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and  
 read by the fire:

Nothing yet in thee is seen,  
 But when a genial heat warms thee within,  
 A new-born wood of various lines there grows;  
 Here buds an L, and there a B,  
 Here sprouts a V, and there a T,  
 And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

COWLEY.

As they sought only for novelty, they did not  
 much inquire whether their allusions were to things  
 high or low, elegant or gross: whether they com-  
 pared the little to the great, or the great to the  
 little.

Physic and Chirurgery for a Lover.

Gently, ah gently, Madam! touch  
 The wound, which you yourself have made;  
 That pain must needs be very much,  
 Which makes me of your hand afraid.  
 Cordials of pity give me now,  
 For I too weak of purgings grow.

COWLEY.



## The World and a Clock.

Mahol the' inferior world's fantastic face  
 Through all the turns of matter's maze did trace ;  
 Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took ;  
 On all the springs and smallest wheels did look  
 Of life and motion, and with equal art  
 Made up the whole again of every part.

COWLEY.

A Coal-pit has not often found its poet; but that  
 it may not want its due honour, Cleiveland has par-  
 alleled it with the Sun :

The moderate value of our guiltless ore  
 Makes no man atheist, and no woman whore ;  
 Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine  
 Deserve more honour than a flaming mine ?  
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,  
 Than a few embers, for a deity.  
 Had he our pits, the Persian would admire  
 No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire :  
 He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer  
 Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.  
 For wants he heat, or light ? or would have store,  
 Or both ? 'tis here : and what can suns give more ?  
 Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,  
 A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame !  
 Then let this truth reciprocally run,—  
 The sun's heaven's coalery, and coals our sun.

## Death, a Voyage :

No family

E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,  
 With whom more venturers might boldly dare  
 Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share.

DONNE.

'Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes  
 grossly absurd, and such as no figures or licence  
 can reconcile to the understanding.

## A Lover neither dead nor alive :

Then down I laid my head,  
 Down on cold earth ; and for a while was dead,  
 And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled :

' Ah, sottish soul,' said I,  
 When back to its cage again I saw it fly;  
 ' Fool to resume her broken chain,  
 And row her galley here again!  
 Fool, to that body to return  
 Where it condemn'd and destined is to burn!  
 Once dead, how can it be  
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,  
 That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me?'

A Lover's heart, a hand-grenado:  
 Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come  
 Into the self same room;  
 'Twill tear and blow up all within,  
 Like a grenado shot into a magazine.  
 Then shall Love keep the ashes, and torn parts,  
 Of both our broken hearts:  
 Shall out of both one new one make:  
 From her's the' allay, from mine the metal take.

COWLEY.

The poetical Propagation of Light:  
 The prince's favour is diffused o'er all,  
 From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall:  
 Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,  
 At every glance a constellation flies,  
 And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent,  
 In light and power, the all-eyed firmament:  
 First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,  
 Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise;  
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,  
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.

DONNE.

They were in very little care to clothe their notions  
 with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice  
 and the praise which are often gained by those who  
 think less, but are more diligent to adorn their  
 thoughts.

That a Mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in  
 reality, is by Cowley thus expressed:

Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand,  
 Than woman can be placed by Nature's hand;  
 And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,  
 To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee.

That prayer and labour should co-operate, are thus taught by Donne :

In none but us are such mix'd engines found,  
As hands of double office ; for the ground  
We till with them ; and them to Heaven we raise ;  
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,  
Doth but one half, that's none.

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated :

— That which I should have begun  
In my youth's morning, now late must be done ;  
And I, as giddy travellers must do,  
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost  
Light and strength, dark and tired must then ride post.

All that man has to do is to live and die ; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines :

Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie ;  
After enabled but to suck and cry.  
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,  
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin ;  
And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage  
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, age.  
But think that death hath now enfranchised thee ;  
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty ;  
Think, that a rusty piece discharged is flown  
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,  
And freely flies : this to thy soul allow,  
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now.

They were sometimes indelicate and disgusting. Cowley thus apostrophises beauty :

— Thou tyrant which leav'st no man free !  
Thou subtle thief, from whom nought safe can be !  
Thou murderer, which hast kill'd ; and devil, which would'st  
damn me !

Thus he addresses his Mistress :

Thou, who, in many a propriety,  
So truly art the sun to me,  
Add one more likeness, which I'm sure you can,  
And let me and my sun beget a man.

Thus he represents the meditations of a Lover:

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracts have been  
 So much as of original sin,  
 Such charms thy beauty wears, as might  
 Desires in dying confest saints excite.

Thou with strange adultery  
 Dost in each breast a brothel keep ;  
 Awake all men do lust for thee,  
 And some enjoy thee when they sleep.

The true taste of Tears.

Hither with crystal vials, lovers, come,  
 And take my tears, which are love's wine,  
 And try your mistress' tears at home ;  
 For all are false, that taste not just like mine.

DONNE.

This is yet more indelicate :

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,  
 As that which from chafed musk-cat's pores doth trill,  
 As the' almighty balm of the' early East ;  
 Such are the sweat drops of my mistress' breast.  
 And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,  
 They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets :  
 Rank, sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles.

DONNE.

Their expressions sometimes raise horror, when  
 they intend perhaps to be pathetic :

As men in hell are from diseases free,  
 So from all other ills am I,  
 Free from their known formality ;  
 But all pains eminently lie in thee.

COWLEY.

They were not always strictly curious, whether  
 the opinions from which they drew their illustrations  
 were true ; it was enough that they were popular.  
 Bacon remarks, that some falsehoods are continued  
 by tradition, because they supply commodious allu-  
 sions.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke :  
 In vain it something would have spoke ;

The love within too strong for't was,  
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

COWLEY.

In forming descriptions, they looked out not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows :

Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest :  
Time's dead low-water ; when all minds divest  
To-morrow's business ; when the labourers have  
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,  
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this ;  
Now when the client, whose last hearing is  
To-morrow, sleeps ; when the condemned man,  
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then  
Again by death, although sad watch he keep,  
Doth practise dying by a little sleep ;  
Thou at this midnight seest me.

It must be however confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle ; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention :

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,  
Alike if it succeed and if it miss ;  
Whom good or ill does equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound ;  
Vain shadow ! which dost vanish quite,  
Both at full noon and perfect night !  
The stars have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee ;  
If things then from their end we happy call,  
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.  
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,  
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite !  
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,  
By clogging it with legacies before !

The joys which we entire should wed,  
 Come desflower'd virgins to our bed ;  
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,  
 Such mighty custom's paid to thee :  
 For joy, like wine kept close, does better taste ;  
 If it take air before, its spirits waste.

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has better claim :

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.  
 If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff' twin compasses are two ;  
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth if the' other do.  
 And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,  
 It leans and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect as that comes home.  
 Such wilt thou be to me, who must  
 Like the' other foot obliquely run :  
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
 And makes me end where I begun.

DONNE.

In all these examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vicious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange ; and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

Having thus endeavoured to exhibit a general representation of the style and sentiments of the metaphysical poets, it is now proper to examine particularly the works of Cowley, who was almost the last of that race, and undoubtedly the best.

His *Miscellanies* contain a collection of short compositions, written some as they were dictated by a mind at leisure, and some as they were called forth

by different occasions ; with great variety of style and sentiment, from burlesque levity to awful grandeur. Such an assemblage of diversified excellence no other poet has hitherto afforded. To choose the best, among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism. I know not whether Scalliger himself has persuaded many readers to join with him in his preference of the two favourite odes, which he estimates in his raptures at the value of a kingdom. I will, however, venture to recommend Cowley's first piece, which ought to be inscribed ' To my Muse,' for want of which the second couplet is without reference. When the title is added, there will still remain a defect ; for every piece ought to contain in itself whatever is necessary to make it intelligible. Pope has some epitaphs without names ; which are therefore epitaphs to be let, occupied indeed for the present, but hardly appropriated.

The Ode on Wit is almost without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley that Wit, which had been till then used for Intellection, in contradistinction to Will, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears.

Of all the passages in which poets have exemplified their own precepts, none will easily be found of greater excellence than that in which Cowley condemns exuberance of wit :

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,  
That shows more cost than art.  
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;  
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.  
Several lights will not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' the' sky,  
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

In his verses to Lord Falkland, whom every man of his time was proud to praise, there are, as there must be in all Cowley's compositions, some striking

thoughts, but they are not well wrought. His elegy on Sir Henry Wotton is vigorous and happy; the series of thoughts is easy and natural; and the conclusion, though a little weakened by the intrusion of Alexander, is elegant and forcible.

It may be remarked, that in this Elegy, and in most of his encomiastic poems, he has forgotten or neglected to name his heroes.

In his poem on the death of Hervey, there is much praise, but little passion; a very just and ample delineation of such virtues as a studious privacy admits, and such intellectual excellence as a mind not yet called forth to action can display. He knew how to distinguish, and how to commend, the qualities of his companion; but, when he wishes to make us weep, he forgets to weep himself, and diverts his sorrow by imagining how his crown of bays, if he had it, would crackle in the fire. It is the odd fate of this thought to be the worse for being true. The bay-leaf crackles remarkably as it burns; as therefore this property was not assigned it by chance, the mind must be thought sufficiently at ease that could attend to such minuteness of physiology. But the power of Cowley is not so much to move the affections, as to exercise the understanding.

The 'Chronicle' is a composition unrivalled and alone: such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is in vain to expect except from Cowley. His strength always appears in his agility; his volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician, and the critic, mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety.



The verses to Davenant, which are vigorously begun, and happily concluded, contain some hints of criticism very justly conceived and happily expressed. Cowley's critical abilities have not been sufficiently observed: the few decisions and remarks, which his prefaces and his notes on the 'Davideis' supply, were at that time accessions to English literature, and show such skill as raises our wish for more examples.

The lines from Jersey are a very curious and pleasing specimen of the familiar descending to the burlesque.

His two metrical disquisitions for and against Reason are no mean specimens of metaphysical poetry. The stanzas against knowledge produce little conviction. In those which are intended to exalt the human faculties, Reason has its proper task assigned it; that of judging, not of things revealed, but of the reality of revelation. In the verses for Reason is a passage which Bentley, in the only English verses which he is known to have written, seems to have copied, though with the inferiority of an imitator.

The Holy Book like the eighth sphere doth shine  
 With thousand lights of truth divine,  
 So numberless the stars, that to our eye  
 It makes all but one galaxy.  
 Yet reason must assist too; for, in seas  
 So vast and dangerous as these,  
 Our course by stars above we cannot know  
 Without the compass too below.

After this, says Bentley<sup>8</sup>:

Who travels in religious jars,  
 Truth mix'd with error, shade with rays,  
 Like Whiston, wanting pyx or stars,  
 In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

Cowley seems to have had what Milton is believed to have wanted, the skill to rate his own per-

<sup>8</sup> Dodsley's Collection, Vol. V.

formances by their just value, and has therefore closed his *Miscellanies* with the verses upon *Crashaw*, which apparently excel all that have gone before them, and in which there are beauties which common authors may justly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition.

To the *Miscellanies* succeed the *Anacreontiques*, or paraphrastical translations of some little poems, which pass, however justly, under the name of *Anacreon*. Of these songs, dedicated to festivity and gaiety, in which even the morality is voluptuous, and which teach nothing but the enjoyment of the present day, he has given rather a pleasing than a faithful representation, having retained their sprightliness, but lost their simplicity. The *Anacreon* of Cowley, like the *Homer* of Pope, has admitted the decoration of some modern graces, by which he is undoubtedly more amiable to common readers, and perhaps, if they would honestly declare their own perceptions, to far the greater part of those whom courtesy and ignorance are content to style the Learned.

These little pieces will be found more finished in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction shows nothing of the mould of time, and the sentiments are at no great distance from our present habitudes of thought. Real mirth must always be natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes; but they have always laughed the same way.

Levity of thought naturally prodneed familiarity of language, and the familiar part of language continues long the same; the dialogue of comedy, when it is transcribed from popular manners and real life, is read from age to age with equal pleasure. The artifices of inversion, by which the established order of words is changed, or of innovation, by which new words or meanings of words are introduced, is prac

tised, not by those who talk to be understood, but by those who write to be admired.

The *Anacreontiques* therefore of Cowley give now all the pleasure which they ever gave. If he was formed by nature for one kind of writing more than for another, his power seems to have been greatest in the familiar and the festive.

The next class of his poems is called 'The Mistress,' of which it is not necessary to select any particular pieces for praise or censure. They have all the same beauties and faults, and nearly in the same proportion. They are written with exuberance of wit, and with copiousness of learning; and it is truly asserted by Sprat, that the plenitude of the writer's knowledge flows in upon his page, so that the reader is commonly surprised into some improvement. But, considered as the verses of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much commend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetic, have neither gallantry nor fondness. His praises are too far sought, and too hyperbolical, either to express love, or to excite it; every stanza is crowded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled souls and with broken hearts.

The principal artifice by which 'The Mistress' is filled with conceits is very copiously displayed by Addison. Love is by Cowley, as by other poets, expressed metaphorically by flame and fire; and that which is true of real fire is said of love, or figurative fire, the same word in the same sentence retaining both significations. Thus, 'observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, he considers them as burning-glasses made of ice. Finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, he concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. Upon the dying of a tree on which he had cut his loves, he

observes that his flames had burnt up and withered the tree.'

These conceits Addison calls mixed wit; that is, wit which consists of thoughts true in one sense of the expression, and false in the other. Addison's representation is sufficiently indulgent: that confusion of images may entertain for a moment; but, being unnatural, it soon grows wearisome. Cowley delighted in it, as much as if he had invented it; but, not to mention the ancients, he might have found it full-blown in modern Italy. Thus Sannazaro:

*Aspice quam variis dstringar Lesbia curis!*

*Uror, et heu! nostro manat ab igne liquor:*

*Sum Nilus, sumque Ætna simul; restringite flammæ,*

*O lacrimæ, aut lacrimas ebibe flamma meas.*

One of the severe theologians of that time censured him as having published a book of profane and lascivious verses. From the charge of profaneness, the constant tenor of his life, which seems to have been eminently virtuous, and the general tendency of his opinions, which discover no irreverence of religion, must defend him; but that the accusation of lasciviousness is unjust, the perusal of his work will sufficiently evince.

Cowley's 'Mistress' has no power of seduction: she 'plays round the head, but reaches not the heart.' Her beauty and absence, her kindness and cruelty, her disdain and inconstancy, produce no correspondence of emotion. His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not perused with more sluggish frigidity. The compositions are such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymist who had only heard of another sex; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the subject for his task, we sometimes esteem as learned, and sometimes despise as

trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural.

The Pindarique Odes are now to be considered ; a species of composition, which Cowley thinks Panniciolus might have counted in his list of the lost inventions of antiquity, and which he has made a bold and vigorous attempt to recover.

The purpose with which he has paraphrased an Olympic and Nemæan Ode is by himself sufficiently explained. His endeavour was, not to show precisely what Pindar spoke, but his manner of speaking. He was therefore not at all restrained to his expressions, nor much to his sentiments ; nothing was required of him, but not to write as Pindar would not have written.

Of the Olympic Ode, the beginning is, I think, above the original in elegance, and the conclusion below it in strength. The connexion is supplied with great perspicuity ; and the thoughts, which to a reader of less skill seem thrown together by chance, are concatenated without any abruption. Though the English ode cannot be called a translation, it may be very properly consulted as a commentary.

The spirit of Pindar is indeed not every where equally preserved. The following pretty lines are not such as his deep mouth was used to pour :

Great Rhea's son,  
If in Olympus' top, where thou  
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show,  
If in Alpheus' silver flight,  
If in my verse thou take delight,  
My verse, great Rhea's son, which is  
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

In the Nemæan ode the reader must, in mere justice to Pindar, observe, that whatever is said of the original new moon, her tender forehead and her horns, is superadded by his paraphrast, who has

many other plays of words and fancy unsuitable to the original, as,

The table, free for every guest,  
No doubt will thee admit,  
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.

He sometimes extends his author's thoughts without improving them. In the Olympionic an oath is mentioned in a single word, and Cowley spends three lines in swearing by the Castalian Stream. We are told of Theron's bounty, with a hint that he had enemies, which Cowley thus enlarges in rhyming prose :

But in this thankless world the giver  
Is envied even by the receiver ;  
'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion  
Rather to hide than own the obligation :  
Nay, 'tis much worse than so ;  
It now an artifice does grow  
Wrongs and injuries to do,  
Lest men should think we owe.

It is hard to conceive that a man of the first rank in learning and wit, when he was dealing out such minute morality in such feeble diction, could imagine, either waking or dreaming, that he imitated Pindar.

In the following odes, where Cowley chooses his own subjects, he sometimes rises to dignity truly Pindaric ; and, if some deficiencies of language be forgiven, his strains are such as those of the Theban Bard were to his contemporaries :

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre :  
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,  
All hand in hand do decently advance,  
And to my song with smooth and equal measure dance ;  
While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,  
My music's voice shall bear it company ;  
Till all gentle notes be drown'd  
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.

After such enthusiasm, who will not lament to find the poet conclude with lines like these ?

But stop, my Muse—  
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,  
Which does to rage begin—  
—'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse—  
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,  
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

The fault of Cowley, and perhaps of all the writers of the metaphysical race, is that of pursuing his thoughts to the last ramifications, by which he loses the grandeur of generality ; for of the greatest things the parts are little ; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. 'Thus all the power of description is destroyed by a scrupulous enumeration, and the force of metaphors is lost, when the mind by the mention of particulars is turned more upon the original than the secondary sense, more upon that from which the illustration is drawn than that to which it is applied.

Of this, we have a very eminent example in the ode, intituled 'The Muse,' who goes to take the air in an intellectual chariot, to which he harnesses Fancy and Judgment, Wit and Eloquence, Memory and Invention : how he distinguished Wit from Fancy, or how Memory could properly contribute to Motion, he has not explained : we are however content to suppose that he could have justified his own fiction, and wish to see the Muse begin her career ; but there is yet more to be done.

Let the postillion Nature mount, and let  
The coachman Art be set ;  
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,  
Make a long row of goodly pride ;  
Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,  
In a well-worded dress,  
And innocent loves, and pleasant truths, and useful lies,  
In all their gaudy liveries.

Every mind is now disgusted with this cumber of magnificence; yet I cannot refuse myself the four next lines:

Mount, glorious queen, thy travelling throne,  
 And bid it to put on;  
 For long though cheerful is the way,  
 And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

In the same ode, celebrating the power of the Muse, he gives her prescience, or, in poetical language, the foresight of events hatching in futurity; but, having once an egg in his mind, he cannot forbear to show us that he knows what an egg contains:

Thou into the close nests of Time dost peep,  
 And there with piercing eye  
 Through the firm shell and the thick white dost spy  
 Years to come a-forming lie,  
 Close in their sacred secundine asleep.

The same thought is more generally, and therefore more poetically expressed by Casimir, a writer who has many of the beauties and faults of Cowley:

Omnibus mundi Dominator horis  
 Aptat urgendas per inane pennas,  
 Pars adhuc nido latet, et futuros  
 Crescit in annos.

Cowley, whatever was his subject, seems to have been carried, by a kind of destiny, to the light and the familiar, or to conceits which require still more ignoble epithets. A slaughter in the Red Sea new dies the waters' name; and England, during the Civil War, was Albion no more, nor to be named from white. It is surely by some fascination not easily surmounted, that a writer, professing to revive the noblest and highest writing in verse, makes this address to the new year:

Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle year,  
 Let not so much as love be there,  
 Vain, fruitless love I mean; for, gentle year,  
 Although I fear



There's of this caution little need,  
 Yet, gentle year, take heed  
 How thou dost make  
 Such a mistake ;  
 Such love I mean alone  
 As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown :  
 For, though I have too much cause to doubt it,  
 I fain would try, for once, if life can live without it.

The reader of this will be inclined to cry out with  
 Prior—

Ye Critics, say,  
 How poor to this was Pindar's style !

Even those who cannot perhaps find in the Isthmian or Nemaean songs what antiquity has disposed them to expect, will at least see that they are ill-represented by such puny poetry ; and all will determine that if this be the old Theban strain, it is not worthy of revival.

To the disproportion and incongruity of Cowley's sentiments must be added the uncertainty and looseness of his measures. He takes the liberty of using in any place a verse of any length, from two syllables to twelve. The verses of Pindar have, as he observes, very little harmony to a modern ear ; yet by examining the syllables we perceive them to be regular, and have reason enough for supposing that the ancient audiences were delighted with the sound. The imitator ought therefore to have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting ; to have preserved a constant return of the same numbers, and to have supplied smoothness of transition and continuity of thought.

It is urged by Dr. Sprat, that the irregularity of numbers is the very thing which makes that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects. But he should have remembered, that what is fit for every thing can fit nothing well. The great pleasure of verse arises from the known measure of the lines, and

uniform structure of the stanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

If the Pindaric style be, what Cowley thinks it, the highest and noblest kind of writing in verse, it can be adapted only to high and noble subjects; and it will not be easy to reconcile the poet with the critic, or to conceive how that can be the highest kind of writing in verse, which, according to Sprat, is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose.

This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they, that could do nothing else, could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and disorder tried to break into the Latin: a poem<sup>9</sup> on the Sheldonian theatre, in which all kinds of verse are shaken together, is unhappily inserted in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. Pindarism prevailed about half a century; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place.

The Pindaric Odes have so long enjoyed the highest degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to dismiss them with unabated censure; and surely, though the mode of their composition be erroneous, yet many parts deserve at least that admiration which is due to great comprehension of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often striking; but the greatness of one part is disgraced by the littleness of another; and total negligence of language gives the noblest conceptions the appearance of a fabric august in the

<sup>9</sup> First published in 1669, under the title of ‘Carmen Pindaricum in Theatrum Sheldonianum in solennibus magnifici Operis Encæniis. Recitatum Julii die 9, Anno 1669, a Corbetto Owen, A. B. Æd. Chr. Alumno Authore.’

plan, but mean in the materials. Yet surely those verses are not without a just claim to praise, of which it may be said with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them.

‘The Davideis’ now remains to be considered; a poem which the author designed to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no scruple of declaring, because the *Æneid* had that number; but he had leisure or perseverance only to write the third part. Epic poems have been left unfinished by Virgil, Statius, Spenser, and Cowley. That we have not the whole ‘Davideis’ is, however, not much to be regretted; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at least, confessed to have miscarried. There are not many examples of so great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praised, that has crept through a century with so little regard. Whatever is said of Cowley, is meant of his other works. Of the ‘Davideis’ no mention is made; it never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the ‘Spectator’ it has been once quoted; by Rymer it has once been praised; and by Dryden, in ‘Mac Flecknoe,’ it has once been imitated; nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now in the whole succession of English literature.

Of this silence and neglect, if the reason be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the subject, and partly in the performance of the work.

Sacred History has been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient

for the purposes of religion seems not only useless, but in some degree profane.

Such events as were produced by the visible interposition of Divine Power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of Creation, however it may teem with images, is best described with little diffusion of language: He spake the word, and they were made.

We are told that Saul was troubled with an evil spirit; from this Cowley takes an opportunity of describing Hell, and telling the history of Lucifer, who was, he says,

Once general of a gilded host of sprites,  
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;  
But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,  
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.

Lucifer makes a speech to the inferior agents of mischief, in which there is something of Heathenism, and therefore of impropriety; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by lashing his breast with his long tail. Envy, after a pause, steps out, and among other declarations of her zeal utters these lines:

Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,  
And thunder echo to the trembling sky;  
Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,  
As shall the fire's proud element affright.  
The' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,  
Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day.  
The jocund orbs shall break their measured pace,  
And stubborn poles change their allotted place.  
Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,  
Leaving their boasting songs tuned to a sphere.

Every reader feels himself weary with this useless talk of an allegorical Being.

It is not only when the events are confessedly miraculous, that fancy and fiction lose their effect: the whole system of life, while the Theocracy was yet visible, has an appearance so different from all

other scenes of human action, that the reader of the Sacred Volume habitually considers it as the peculiar mode of existence of a distinct species of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; so that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the state of them whose story is related, and by consequence their joys and griefs are not easily adopted, nor can the attention be often interested in any thing that befalls them.

To the subject thus originally indisposed to the reception of poetical embellishments, the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience, or attract curiosity. Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits; and conceits are all that the 'Davideis' supplies.

One of the great sources of poetical delight is description, or the power of presenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shows not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against Æneas, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight:

Saxum circumspicit ingens,  
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat  
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.

Cowley says of the stone with which Cain slew his brother,

I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant  
At once his murder and his monument.

Of the sword taken from Goliath, he says,

A sword so great, that it was only fit  
To cut off his great head that came with it.

Other poets describe Death by some of its common appearances. Cowley says, with a learned allusion to sepulchral lamps real or fabulous,

'Twixt his right ribs deep pierced the furious blade,  
And open'd wide those secret vessels where  
Life's light goes out, when first they let in air.

But he has allusions vulgar as well as learned.  
In a visionary succession of kings :

Joas at first does bright and glorious show,  
In life's fresh morn his fame does early crow.

Describing an undisciplined army, after having  
said with elegance,

His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd  
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud,  
he gives them a fit of the ague.

The allusions, however, are not always to vulgar  
things ; he offends by exaggeration as much as by  
diminution :

The king was placed alone, and o'er his head  
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread.

Whatever he writes is always polluted with some  
conceit :

Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,  
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,  
Gold, which alone more influence has than he.

In one passage, he starts a sudden question to the  
confusion of philosophy :

Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,  
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace ;  
The oak for courtship most of all unfit,  
And rough as are the winds that fight with it ?

His expressions have sometimes a degree of mean-  
ness that surpasses expectation :

Nay, gentle guests, he cries, since now you're in,  
The story of your gallant friend begin.

In a simile descriptive of the Morning :

As glimmering stars, just at the' approach of day,  
Cashier'd by troops, at last all drop away.

The dress of Gabriel deserves attention :

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright  
'That e'er the mid-day sun pierced through with light ;  
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,  
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red :

An harmless flattering meteor shone for hair,  
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care ;  
 He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,  
 Where the most sprightly azure pleased the eyes ;  
 This he with starry vapours sprinkles all,  
 Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall ;  
 Of a new rainbow ere it fret or fade,  
 The choicest piece cut out, a scarf is made.

This is a just specimen of Cowley's imagery: what might in general expressions be great and forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested with the softest or brightest colours of the sky, we might have been told, and been dismissed to improve the idea in our different proportions of conception ; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle, then his lace, and then his scarf, and related it in the terms of the mercer and tailor.

Sometimes he indulges himself in a digression, always conceived with his natural exuberance, and commonly, even where it is not long, continued till it is tedious :

In the ' library a few choice authors stood,  
 Yet 'twas well stored, for that small store was good ;  
 Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then  
 Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.  
 Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew ;  
 The common prostitute she lately grew,  
 And with the spurious brood loads now the press ;  
 Laborious effects of idleness.

As the ' Davideis' affords only four books, though intended to consist of twelve, there is no opportunity for such criticism as Epic poems commonly supply. The plan of the whole work is very imperfectly shown by the third part. The duration of an unfinished action cannot be known. Of characters either not yet introduced, or shown but upon few occasions, the full extent and the nice discrimina-

tions cannot be ascertained. The fable is plainly implex, formed rather from the *Odyssey* than the *Iliad*: and many artifices of diversification are employed, with the skill of a man acquainted with the best models. The past is recalled by narration, and the future anticipated by vision; but he has been so lavish of his poetical art, that it is difficult to imagine how he could fill eight books more without practising again the same modes of disposing his matter; and perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance inclined him to stop. By this abruption, posterity lost more instruction than delight. If the continuation of the ‘*Dauides*’ can be missed, it is for the learning that had been diffused over it, and the notes in which it had been explained.

Had not his characters been depraved, like every other part, by improper decorations, they would have deserved uncommon praise. He gives Saul both the body and mind of a hero:

His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,  
Nor turn’d aside for danger or delight.

And the different beauties of the lofty Merah and the gentle Michol are very justly conceived and strongly painted.

Rymer has declared the ‘*Dauides*’ superior to the ‘*Jernsalem*’ of Tasso, ‘which,’ says he, ‘the poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from pedantry.’ If by pedantry is meant that minute knowledge which is derived from particular sciences and studies, in opposition to the general notions supplied by a wide survey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs, by introducing pedantry, far more frequently than Tasso. I know not, indeed, why they should be compared; for the resemblance of Cowley’s work to Tasso’s is only that they both exhibit the agency of celestial and infernal spirits, in which however they differ widely; for Cowley supposes



them commonly to operate upon the mind by suggestion; Tasso represents them as promoting or obstructing events by external agency.

Of particular passages that can be properly compared, I remember only the description of Heaven, in which the different manner of the two writers is sufficiently discernible. Cowley's is scarcely description, unless it be possible to describe by negatives; for he tells us only what there is not in Heaven. Tasso endeavours to represent the splendours and pleasures of the regions of happiness. Tasso affords images, and Cowley sentiments. It happens, however, that Tasso's description affords some reason for Rymer's censure. He says of the Supreme Being,

Hà sotto i piedi e fato e la natura  
Ministri humili, e'l moto, e ch'il misura.

The second line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other stanza of the poem.

In the perusal of the 'Davideis,' as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably squandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are sometimes surprised, but never delighted, and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still however it is the work of Cowley, of a mind capacious by nature, and replenished by study.

In the general review of Cowley's poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskillful selection: with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetic, and rarely sublime; but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

It is said by Denham, in his elegy,

To him no author was unknown,  
Yet what he writ was all his own.

This wide position requires less limitation, when it

is affirmed of Cowley, than perhaps of any other poet.—He read much, and yet borrowed little.

His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise; and, not sufficiently inquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows.

He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him; and Milton is said to have declared, that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley.

His manner he had in common with others; but his sentiments were his own. Upon every subject he thought for himself; and such was his copiousness of knowledge, that something at once remote and applicable rushed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea merely because another had used it: his known wealth was so great, that he might have borrowed without loss of credit.

In his elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, the last lines have such resemblance to the noble epigram of Grotius on the death of Scaliger, that I cannot but think them copied from it, though they are copied by no servile hand.

One passage in his ‘Mistress’ is so apparently borrowed from Donne, that he probably would not have written it, had it not mingled with his own thoughts, so as that he did not perceive himself taking it from another:

Although I think thou never found wilt be,  
Yet I’m resolved to search for thee;

The search itself rewards the pains.  
 So, though the chymic his great secret miss  
 (For neither it in Art or Nature is),  
 Yet things well worth his toil he gains :  
 And does his charge and labour pay  
 With good unsought experiments by the way.

COWLEY.

Some that have deeper digged Love's mine than I,  
 Say, where his centric happiness doth lie :

I have loved, and got, and told ;  
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,  
 I should not find that hidden mystery ;  
 Oh, 'tis imposture all !

And as no chymic yet the' elixir got,  
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,  
 If by the way to him befall  
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,  
 So lovers dream a rich and long delight,  
 But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Jonson and Donne, as Dr. Hurd remarks, were then in the highest esteem.

It is related by Clarendon, that Cowley always acknowledged his obligation to the learning and industry of Jonson: but I have found no traces of Jonson in his works: to emulate Donne appears to have been his purpose; and from Donne he may have learned that familiarity with religious images, and that light allusion to sacred things, by which readers far short of sanctity are frequently offended; and which would not be borne in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.

Having produced one passage taken by Cowley from Donne, I will recompense him by another, which Milton seems to have borrowed from him. He says of Goliath,

His spear, the trunk was of a lofty tree,  
 Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be.

Milton of Satan :

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walked with.

His diction was in his own time censured as negligent. He seems not to have known, or not to have considered, that words being arbitrary must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them. Language is the dress of thought: and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employments of rustics or mechanics; so the most heroic sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsic and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction; but gold may be so concealed in baser matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

The diction, being the vehicle of the thoughts, first presents itself to the intellectual eye: and if the first appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often sought. Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.

Of all this, Cowley appears to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase: he has

no elegances either lucky or elaborate: as his endeavours were rather to impress sentences upon the understanding than images on the fancy, he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation. It seems to follow from the necessity of the subject rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of his heroic poem is less familiar than that of his slightest writings. He has given not the same numbers, but the same diction, to the gentle Anacreon and the tempestuous Pindar.

His versification seems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmusical only when they are ill-read, the art of reading them is at present lost; for they are commonly harsh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, such as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts sometimes swelled his verse to unexpected and inevitable grandeur; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous: he sinks willingly down to his general carelessness, and avoids with very little care either meanness or asperity.

His contractions are often rugged and harsh:

One flings a mountain, and its rivers too  
Torn up with 't.

His rhymes are very often made by pronouns or particles, or the like unimportant words, which disappoint the ear, and destroy the energy of the line.

His combination of different measures is sometimes dissonant and displeasing; he joins verses together, of which the former does not slide easily into the latter.

The words *do* and *did*, which so much degrade in present estimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little censured or avoided; how often he used them, and with how bad an effect, at least to our ears, will appear by a passage, in

which every reader will lament to see just and noble thoughts defrauded of their praise by inelegance of language:

Where honour or where conscience does not bind,  
 No other law shall shackle me ;  
 Slave to myself I ne'er will be ;  
 Nor shall my future actions be confined  
 By my own present mind.  
 Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand  
 For days that yet belong to fate,  
 Does like an unthrif mortgage his estate,  
 Before it falls into his hand ;  
 The bondman of the cloister so,  
 All that he does receive does always owe.  
 And still as Time comes in, it goes away,  
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay !  
 Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell !  
 Which his hour's work as well as hours does tell :  
 Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.

His heroic lines are often formed of monosyllables ; but yet they are sometimes sweet and sonorous.

He says of the Messiah,

Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,  
 And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

In another place, of David,

Yet bid him go securely, when he sends ;  
 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.  
 The man who has his God, no aid can lack ;  
 And we who bid him go, will bring him back :

Yet amidst his negligence he sometimes attempted an improved and scientific versification ; of which it will be best to give his own account subjoined to this line :

Nor can the glory contain itself in the' endless space.

' I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of readers, that it is not by negligence that this verse is so loose, long, and, as it were, vast ; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing

which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this poem, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before,

And over-runs the neighbouring fields with violent course.

‘ In the second book ;

Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all.——

‘ And,

And fell a-down his shoulders with loose care.

‘ In the third,

Brass was his helmet, his boots brass, and o’er  
His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore.

‘ In the fourth,

Like some fair pine o’er-looking all the ignobler wood.

‘ And,

Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong.

‘ And many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our English poets observed it, for aught I can find. The Latins (*qui Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it: and their prince, Virgil, always: in whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.’

I know not whether he has, in many of these instances, attained the representation or resemblance that he purposes. Verse can imitate only sound and motion. A boundless verse, a headlong verse, and a verse of brass or of strong brass, seem to comprise very incongruous and unsociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the sound of the line ex-

pressing loose care, I cannot discover ; nor why the pine is taller in an Alexandrine than in ten syllables.

But, not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given one example of representative versification, which perhaps no other English line can equal :

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise :  
 He, who defers this work from day to day,  
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay  
 Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone,  
 Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.

Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroic of ten syllables ; and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He considered the verse of twelve syllables as elevated and majestic, and has therefore deviated into that measure when he supposes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

The author of the ' Davideis ' is commended by Dryden for having written it in couplets, because he discovered that any staff was too lyrical for an heroic poem ; but this seems to have been known before by May and Sandys, the translators of the Pharsalia and the Metamorphoses.

In the ' Davideis ' are some hemistichs, or verses left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he supposes not to have intended to complete them : that this opinion is erroneous, may be probably concluded, because this truncation is imitated by no subsequent Roman poet ; because Virgil himself filled up one broken line in the heat of recitation ; because in one the sense is now unfinished ; and because all that can be done by a broken verse, a line intersected by a *casura*, and a full stop, will equally effect.

Of triplets in his ' Davideis ' he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable ;



but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for, in the verses on the government of Cromwell, he inserts them liberally with great happiness.

After so much criticism on his Poems, the Essays which accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said by Sprat of his conversation, that no man could draw from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

It has been observed by Felton, in his Essay on the Classics, that Cowley was beloved by every Muse that he courted; and that he has rivalled the Ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed, without any encomiastic fervour, that he brought to his poetic labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less; that he was equally qualified for sprightly sallies, and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that, if he left versification yet improveable, he left likewise, from time to time, such specimens of excellence as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.



# ELEGIA DEDICATORIA,

AD

ILLUSTRISSIMAM ACADEMIAM

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

---

Hoc tibi de nato, ditissima mater, egeno  
Exiguum immensi pignus amoris habe.  
Heu, meliora tibi depromere dona volentes  
Astringit gratas parcior arca manus.  
Túne tui poteris vocem hìc agnoscere nati  
Tam malè formatam, dissimilemque tuæ!  
Túne hìc materni vestigia sacra decoris,  
Tu speculum poteris hìc reperire tuum?  
Post longum, dices, Coulèi, sic mihi tempus?  
Sic mihi speranti, perfide, multa redis?  
Quæ, dices, Sagæ Lemurésque Deæque, nocentes,  
Hunc mihi in infantis supposuère loco?  
At tu, sancta parens, crudelis tu quoque, nati  
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.  
Hei mihi, quid fato genetrix accedis iniquo?  
Sit sors, sed non sis, ipsa, noverca mihi.  
Si mihi natali Musarumadolescere in arvo.  
Si benè dilecto luxuriare solo,  
Si mihi de doctâ licuisset plenius undà  
Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,  
Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,  
Nec legeres nomen fusa rubore meum.  
Scis benè, scis quæ me tempestas publica mundi  
Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,

Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati  
Poscentem querulo murmure lactis opem.

Sic quondam, aërium vento bellante per æquor,  
Cum gravidum autumnum sæva flagellat hyems,

Immatura suâ velluntur ab arbore poma,  
Et vi victa cadunt; arbor & ipsa gemit.

Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,  
Nondum sol roseo redditur ore pater.

O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia nomen!  
O penitûs toto corde receptus amor!

O pulchræ sine luxu ædes, vitæque beatæ,  
Splendida paupertas, ingenuûsque, decor!

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine regum  
Digna domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!

O nimium Cereris cumulati munere campi,  
Posthabitis Ennæ quos colit illa jugis!

O sacri fontes! & sacra vatibus umbræ,  
Quas recreant avium Pieridûmque chori!

O Camus! Phœbo nullus quo gratior annis!  
Annibus auriferis invidiosus inops!

Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,  
Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!

Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem  
Vidisti in ripâ, Came serene, tuâ;

Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu;  
Ille quidèmm immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.

Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,  
Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.

Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,  
Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.

At nunc cœnosæ luces, atque obice multo  
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.

Quid mihi Sequanâ opus, Tamesisve aut Thybri-  
dis unda?

Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.

Felix, qui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!  
Quique eadem Salicis littora more colit!  
Felix, qui non tentatus sordescere mundus,  
Et cui pauperies nota nitere potest!  
Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,  
Ut res humanas sentiat esse nihil!  
At nos exemplis fortuna instruxit opimis,  
Et documentorum satque superque dedit.  
Cum capite avulsum diadema, infractaque sceptrâ,  
Contusâsque hominum sorte minante minas,  
Parcarum ludos, & non tractabile fatum,  
Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.  
Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim  
Infami scopulis naufragiisque mari?  
Tu quoque in hoc terræ tremuisti, Academia, motu,  
(Nec frustrâ) atque ædes contremuère tuæ:  
Contremuère ipsæ pacatæ Palladis arces;  
Et timuit fulmen laurea sancta novum.  
Ah quamquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere numen,  
Nec saltem bellis ista licere, velit!  
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!  
In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.  
Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum  
Fundes; nec tibi mors ipsa superstes erit:  
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni  
Formosas mittes ad mare mortis aquas.  
Sic Venus humanâ quondam, Dea saucia dextrâ,  
(Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)  
Imploravit opem superûm, questûsque cievit,  
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.  
Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores;  
Nam tibi ferre necem vulnera nulla valent.

THE  
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS EDITION IN FOLIO,  
1656.

---

AT my return lately into England<sup>1</sup>, I met by great accident (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intituled, “The Iron Age,” and published under my name, during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to set them forth as another man’s rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiary, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another’s merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than

<sup>1</sup> In 1656.

those of another man, though never so rich; but these, to say the truth, were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed *in effigie*; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect. So that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind; which is, the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge, and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them.

Of which sort, was a comedy, called "The Guardian," printed in the year 1650; but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made or acted, but rough-drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised or perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors, nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the college. After the representation (which, I confess, was somewhat of the latest) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the poet and the soldier; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it

deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But, as it is, it is only the hasty first-sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly.

From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum; or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the allay: whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble; or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book; and, like vintners, with sophisticate mixtures, spoil the whole vessel of wine, to make it yield more profit. This has been the case with Shakspeare, Fletcher, Jonson, and many others; part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me: neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume, than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly



more vigorous, the less space it animates. And, as Statius says of little Tydeus<sup>2</sup>,

“ ——— Totos infusa per artus  
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.”

I am not ignorant, that, by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer: but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have supprest and cast away more than I publish; and, for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to produce these poems to the light and view of the world; not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after, my death: and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least a dying person, and upon my Muse in this action, as appearing, like the emperor Charles the Fifth, and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for, when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or

<sup>2</sup> Stat. Theb. lib. i. 416.

worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But, as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy; to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice in regard of those more profitable matches, which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows, than in their opinion of "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius—*") that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves: neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them, which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, "If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable."

And, if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant, that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in. And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself, which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time: "*Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo: cujus in adolescen-*

tiam, per medias laudes, quasi quadrigis vehementem, transversa incurrit misera fortuna reipublicæ<sup>3</sup>."

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement. There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed by the storms of injurious fortune; it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of Ovid *de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any foot-step of that genius,

" — quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes<sup>4</sup>, &c.

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own *Metamorphosis*; and, though there remain some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe<sup>5</sup>,

" In vultu color est sine sanguine : lumina mœstis  
Stant immota genis : nihil est in imagine vivi.—  
Flet tamen—"

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour; neither is wit less eclipsed

<sup>3</sup> Cic. *de Clar. Orator.* § 331.

<sup>4</sup> *Metam.* l. xv. 871.

<sup>5</sup> *Metam.* l. vi. 304.

with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body. So that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of fortune, as it is in despite of nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say like Horace<sup>6</sup>,

“ Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.”

I shall rather use his words in another place<sup>7</sup>,

“ Vixi Camenis nuper idoneus,  
Et militavi non sine gloriâ :  
Nunc arma, defunctumque bello  
Barbiton hic paries habebit.”

And this resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my desire has been for some years past (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts (which is the end of most men that travel thither ; so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

“ Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,  
Per mare pauperiem fugiens<sup>8</sup>—”)

but to forsake this world for ever, with the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

“ Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis<sup>9</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> Hor. 2 Sat. i. 60.

<sup>7</sup> 3 Carm. Ode xxvi. “ Vixi puellis,” &c.

<sup>8</sup> Hor. 1 Ep. i. 45.

<sup>9</sup> Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 9.

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's *Sun-dyal in a grave* is not more useless and ridiculous, than poetry would be in that retirement. As this therefore is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world; so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is, to be read with more favour than the living;

“Tanti est ut placeam tibi, perire<sup>10</sup>.”

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book; I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this publication: as, first, all those which I wrote at school, from the age of ten years till after fifteen; for even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagancies in a boy (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it), yet I would be loath to be bound now to read them all over myself; and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already passed through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune

<sup>10</sup> Martial. lib. viii. ep. 69.

then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hard-hearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out; and am obliged too in a manner by discretion to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made unsolvable not so much by their own negligence and ill-husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three books of the civil war itself, reaching as far as the first battle of Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopped the work.

As for the ensuing book, it consists of four parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader: I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them; for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost; and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deserve more care in preservation than was bestowed upon their brethren; for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogance of the word, when I said I had lost them.

The second is called "The Mistress," or "Love Verses;" for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca:

"In furias ignemque ruunt: amor omnibus idem"<sup>11</sup>."

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind; as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza, for a few lascivious sonnets composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poesy is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, nay a Stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho,

"—— ferat & rubus asper amomum"<sup>12</sup>."

He professes too much the use of fable (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man, who is not at least capable of being so. But I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers: for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even

<sup>11</sup> Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

<sup>12</sup> Virg. Ecl. iii. 89.

more in poetry; so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which, I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions. And if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the “Pindaric Odes,” (which is the third part,) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesy. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnasseus calls *Μεγαλοφνές καὶ ἡδὺ μετὰ δεινότητος*, and which he attributes to Alcæus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all lyriques, and of Pindar above all men living: the figures are unusual and bold, even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the Ode intituled “The Resurrection:” and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them



easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise—

“ — Ut sibi quivis  
Speret idem ; sudet multum, frustraque laboret  
Ausus idem<sup>13</sup>.”

I come now to the last part, which is “David-eis,” or an heroical poem of the troubles of David: which I designed into twelve books; not for the tribes’ sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil; and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David on the death of Saul and Jonathan: for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story: but only so near, that every one may see it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what they have won. This, I say, was the whole design: in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the Wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziglaga; the loss and recovery of David’s wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the

<sup>13</sup> Hor. Art. Poet. 240.

Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age.

But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves. For what worthier subject could have been chosen, among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince ; who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth ? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour, than the highest person who ever honoured his profession ? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disdained not to descend ?

When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poesy ; in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind ; it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great

persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things, which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity ; as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like ; there is none that he so universally, and so long, usurped, as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan, for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that, and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctancies apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty : it will fare no otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it ; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful objects ; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven.

There is not so great a lye to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but, alas ! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables ; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it : for it is almost impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind. They are all but the cold-meats of the ancients, new-heated, and

new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a-gleaning, not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous; yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times. They were believed by all, but a few philosophers, and perhaps some atheists; and served to good purpose among the vulgar (as pitiful things as they are), in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion; and therefore that was better than none at all. But to us, who have no need of them; to us, who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinencies; they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Sampson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? Why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Pirithous? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete thread-bare tales of Thebes and Troy half so

stored with great, heroical, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such), as the wars of Joshua, of the Judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? All the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poesy, or are the best materials in the world for it.

Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose; none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble. For, if any man design to compose a sacred poem, by only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, like Mr. Heywood of angels, into rhyme; he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention; the same wisdom of disposition; the same judgment in observance of decencies; the same lustre and vigour of elocution; the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit, is required to both: only this latter allows better stuff; and therefore would look more deformedly, ill drest in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: but sure I am, there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any)

hat is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it. And I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

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## THE BOOKSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF 1674.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much inquired after, and very scarce (the town hardly affording one book, though it hath been four times printed) we thought this fifth edition could not fail of being well received by the world. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last collection, was, because the propriety of this copy belonged not to the same person that published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several impressions through which they had passed. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the author in his riper years, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the author's judgment of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small character. His words are in the third page of his preface before his former published poems<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> See the Author's Preface above, p. 74.

You find our excellent author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these poems, in his “Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th Discourse treating of himself.” These we suppose a sufficient authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous reader to whom the smallest remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His poems are every where the copy of his mind; so that by this supplement to his other volume you have the picture of that so deservedly eminent man from almost his childhood to his latest years, the bud and bloom of his spring; the warmth of his summer; the richness and perfection of his autumn. But, for the reader’s further curiosity, we refer him to the author’s following preface to them, published by himself.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD,  
JOHN,

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

MY LORD,

I MIGHT well fear, lest these my rude and unpolished lines should offend your honourable survey; but that I hope your nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a child, than censure them. Howsoever I desire your lordship’s pardon, for presenting things so unworthy to your view; and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty is bound to be

your Lordship’s

most humble servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE  
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS  
JUVENILE POEMS.

READER ! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness : others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me, not as Abraham Cowley, but Authorem Anonymum. To the first I answer, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly : to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame : to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind. For the itch of poesy, by being angered, increaseth ; by rubbing, spreads farther ; which appears in that I have ventured upon this third edition. What though it be neglected ? It is not, I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffer ship-



wreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poesy flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantius* and *Philetus* confesses me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since, upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me: but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

A. COWLEY.

## TO THE READER.

I CALLED the buskin'd muse, Melpomene,  
And told her what sad story I would write :  
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,  
Though wont in mournful ditties to delight.  
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know,  
My muse with tears, not with conceits, did flow :

And, as she my unabler quill did guide,  
Her briny tears did on the paper fall ;  
If then unequal numbers be espied,  
Oh, Reader ! do not that my error call ;  
But think her tears defaced it, and blame then  
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

A. COWLEY.

# POEMS.

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## CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,  
The hopes and fears that equally attend  
Their loves ; their rivals' envy, parents' hate :  
I sing their woeful life and tragic end.  
Aid me, ye gods, this story to rehearse,  
This mournful tale, and favour every verse !

In Florence, for her stately buildings famed,  
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,  
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia named,  
Famed for the beauty of all Italy.

Her, lavish Nature did at first adorn  
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form :

And, framing her attractive eyes so bright,  
Spent all her wit in study, that they might  
Keep Earth from chaos and eternal night ;  
But envious Death destroyed their glorious light.

Expect not beauty then, since she did part ;  
For in her Nature wasted all her art.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are  
A crown to Phœbus ; and her breath so sweet,  
It did transcend Arabian odours far, [greet  
Or smelling flowers, wherewith the Spring doth  
Approaching Summer ; teeth, like falling snow  
For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit, excelling praise, even all admire ;  
Her speech was so attractive, it might be  
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,  
And stir up envy from that deity.  
The maiden lilies at her sight [white.  
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew

She was in birth and parentage as high  
As in her fortune great or beauty rare ;  
And to her virtuous mind's nobility  
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;  
That in her spotless soul and lovely face  
You might have seen each deity and grace.

The scornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,  
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire ;  
Each who but saw, was a competitor  
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.  
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move,  
And light beholders on their way to love.

Among her many suitors, a young knight,  
'Bove others wounded with the majesty  
Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight ;  
Yet seldom his desire can satisfy  
With that blest object, or her rareness see ;  
For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealousy.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,  
Upon his stately jennet he in the' way  
Rides by her house; who neighs, as if he were  
Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia.

But his poor master, though to see her move  
His joy, dares show no look betraying love.

Soon as the Morning left her rosy bed,  
And all Heaven's smaller lights were driven away,  
She, by her friends and near acquaintance led,  
Like other maids, would walk at break of day :  
Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,  
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

The' obsequious lover follows still her train,  
And where they go, that way his journey feigns :  
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;  
For with his love, his business does remain.  
Nor is it strange he should be loth to part  
From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race  
Of noble ancestors; but greedy Time  
And envious Fate had laboured to deface  
The glory which in his great stock did shine:  
Small his estate, unfitting her degree;  
But blinded Love could no such difference see.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,  
And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,  
Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite,  
Unless such flames within her heart should rise.

But yet he fears, because he blinded is, [miss.

Though he have shot him right, her heart he'll

Unto Love's altar therefore he repairs,  
And offers up a pleasing sacrifice ;  
Entreating Cupid, with inducing prayers,  
To look upon and ease his miseries :  
Where having wept, recovering breath again,  
Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

“ Oh, mighty Cupid ! whose unbounded sway  
Hath often ruled the' Olympian thunderer ;  
Whom all celestial deities obey ;  
Whom men and gods both reverence and fear !  
Oh force Constantia's heart to yield to love !  
Of all thy works the master-piece 'twill prove.

“ And let me not affection vainly spend,  
But kindle flames in her like those in me ;  
Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,  
Grant that her charming beauty I may see !  
For ever view those eyes, whose charming light,  
More than the world besides, doth please my sight.

“ Those who condemn thy sacred deity,  
Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know :  
I faultless am ; what honour can it be,  
Only to wound your slave and spare your foe ?”  
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,  
In language far more moving than his own.

Home he retired, his soul he brought not home ;  
Just like a ship, while every mounting wave,  
Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,  
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave ;  
Such did his case, such did his state appear,  
Alike distracted between hope and fear.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,  
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain  
Of his unhappy fate, but all in vain ;

And thus fond Echo answers him again :

It moved Aurora, and she wept to hear,  
Dewing the verdant grass with many a tear.

THE ECHO.

“ OH ! what hath caus'd my killing miseries ?”

“ EYES,” Echo said. “ What hath detained my  
ease ?”

“ EASE,” straight the reasonable nymph replies.

“ That nothing can my troubled mind appease ?”

“ PEACE,” Echo answers. “ What, is any nigh ?”

Philetus said. She quickly utters, “ I.”

“ Is't Echo answers ? tell me then thy will :”

“ I WILL,” she said. “ What shall I get,” says he,

“ By loving still ?” To which she answers, “ ILL.”

“ Ill ! Shall I void of wish'd-for pleasures die ?”

“ I.” “ Shall not I, who toil in ceaseless pain,  
Some pleasure know ?” “ No,” she replies again.

“ False and inconstant nymph, thou lyest !” said he ;

“ THOU LYEST,” she said, “ And I deserved her  
hate,

If I should thee believe,” “ BELIEVE,” saith she.

“ For why ? thy idle words are of no weight.”

“ WEIGHT,” she answers. “ Therefore I'll de-  
part.”

To which resounding Echo answers, “ PART.”

THEN from the woods with wounded heart he goes,  
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind.

He quarrels with himself, because his woes

Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find :

He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,  
But tears do fall to the' earth, flames are within.

No morning-banish'd darkness, nor black night  
By her alternate course expell'd the day,  
In which Philetus by a constant rite  
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;  
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,  
But care and sorrow was his only gain.

But now at last the pitying god, o'ercome  
By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart  
A golden shaft, and she is now become  
A suppliant to Love, that with like dart  
He'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore  
Aid from that power, she so much scorn'd before.

Little she thinks she kept Philetus' heart  
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave  
To him. Since either suffers equal smart,  
And a like measure in their torments have :  
His soul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown :  
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,  
She took a lute (being far from any ears)  
And tuned this song, posing that harmony  
Which poets attribute to heavenly spheres.  
Thus had she sung when her dear love was slain,  
She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

#### THE SONG.

To whom shall I my sorrows show ?  
Not to Love, for he is blind :  
And my Philetus doth not know  
The inward torment of my mind.  
And all these senseless walls, which are  
Now round about me, cannot hear ;



For, if they could, they sure would weep,  
And with my griefs relent :  
Unless their willing tears they keep,  
Till I from Earth am sent.  
Then I believe they'll all deplore  
My fate, since I taught them before.

I willingly would weep my store,  
If the flood would land thy love,  
My dear Philetus, on the shore  
Of my heart ; but, shouldst thou prove  
Afraid of flames, know the fires are  
But bonfires for thy coming there.

THEN tears in envy of her speech did flow  
From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there  
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,  
And so dissolved them into many a tear ;  
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,  
And quickly caused new serpent griefs to grow.

Here stay, my Muse ; for if I should recite  
Her mournful language, I should make you weep  
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write  
Such lines as I, and the' age requires, to keep  
Me from stern Death, or with victorious rhyme  
Revenge their master's death, and conquer Time.

By this time, chance and his own industry  
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew  
Acquainted with her brother, so that he  
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view ;  
And, as time serv'd, show her his misery :  
This was the first act in his tragedy.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,  
He said ; “ How shall I thank thee for this gain,  
O Cupid ! or reward my helping Fate,  
Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain ?

What husbandman would any pains refuse,  
To reap at last such fruit, his labour's use ?”

But, when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,  
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain  
To following woes, he would when 'twas too late  
Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain.

But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,  
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates  
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,  
So true and constant in their amities,  
And in that league so strictly joined were,  
That death itself could not their friendship sever,  
But, as they liv'd in love, they died together.

If one be melancholy, the' other's sad ;  
If one be sick, the other's surely ill ;  
And if Philetus any sorrow had,  
Philocrates was partner in it still :  
Pylades' soul, and mad Orestes', was  
If these, if we believe Pythagoras.

Oft in the woods Philetus walks, and there  
Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind :  
With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,  
And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind  
To sigh ; and did even upon that prevail ;  
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between  
The shadowing trees, and, as they through them  
pass,

Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,  
Giving a colour to the verdant grass,  
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,  
In show of grief run murmuring at his fate.

Philomel answers him again, and shows,  
In her best language, her sad history,  
And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,  
Denying to be posed in misery :  
Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus, cries ;  
With him both grief, and grief's expression, vies.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,  
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share,  
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,  
Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are.  
Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise,  
Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

But when his noble friend perceived that he  
Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,  
Desirous to partake his malady,  
He watches him, in hope to cure his sore  
By counsel, and recall the poisonous dart,  
When it, alas ! was fixed in his heart.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,  
He to himself did his past griefs recite, [there  
The' obsequious friend straight follows him, and  
Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight ;  
Who thus exclaims (for a swoln heart would break  
If it for vent of sorrow might not speak) :

“ Oh ! I am lost, not in this desert wood,  
But in Love’s pathless labyrinth ; there I  
My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,  
Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty ;  
And now am forced to let him sacrifice  
My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

“ Long have I staid, but yet have no relief ;  
Long have I loved, yet have no favour shown ;  
Because she knows not of my killing grief,  
And I have fear’d to make my sorrows known.  
For why ? alas ! if she should once but dart  
Disdainful looks, ’twould break my captived heart.

“ But how should she, ere I impart my love,  
Reward my ardent flame with like desire ?  
But when I speak, if she should angry prove,  
Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire ?  
Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,  
Needeth not fear to be oppress with more.”

Philocrates no longer can forbear,  
Runs to his friend, and sighing, “ Oh !” said he,  
“ My dear Philetus ! be thyself, and swear  
To rule that passion which now masters thee,  
And all thy reason ; but, if it can’t be,  
Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see.”

Amazement strikes him dumb ; what shall he do ?  
Should he reveal his love, he fears ’twould prove  
A hindrance ; and, should he deny to shew,  
It might perhaps his dear friend’s anger move :  
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand,  
Whilst Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

At last resolved : “ How shall I seek,” said he,  
“ To’ excuse myself, dearest Philocrates !

That I from thee have hid this secrecy ?

Yet censure not ; give me first leave to ease

My case with words : my grief you should have  
known

Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

“ I am all love ; my heart was burnt with fire  
From two bright suns, which do all light disclose ;  
First kindling in my breast the flame desire :

But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose,

From my heart’s ashes, never-quenched Love,

Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

“ Oh ! let not then my passion cause your hate,

Nor let my choice offend you, or detain

Your ancient friendship ; ’tis, alas ! too late

To call my firm affection back again :

No physic can re-cure my weaken’d state,

The wound is grown too great, too desperate.”

“ But counsel,” said his friend, “ a remedy

Which never fails the patient, may at least,

If not quite heal your mind’s infirmity,

Assuage your torment, and procure some rest.

But there is no physician can apply

A medicine ere he know the malady.”

“ Then hear me,” said Philetus ; “ but why ? Stay,

I will not toil thee with my history ;

For to remember sorrows past away,

Is to renew an old calamity.

He who acquainteth others with his moan,

Adds to his friend’s grief, but not cures his own.”

“ But,” said Philocrates, “ ’tis best, in woe,  
To have a faithful partner of their care ;  
That burthen may be undergone by two,  
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.  
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me  
Your thoughts, and tax you of inconstancy.”

What shall he do ? or with what language frame  
Excuse ? He must resolve not to deny,  
But open his close thoughts and inward flame :  
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,  
He sigh’d, as if they’d cool his torments’ ire,  
When they, alas ! did blow the raging fire.

“ When years first styled me twenty, I began  
To sport with catching snares that Love had set :  
Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta’en,  
Or the poor fly caught in Arachne’s net,  
Even so I sported with her beauty’s light,  
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

“ First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought  
’Twas easy to repel it ; but as fire,  
Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,  
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher ;  
Which so have scorch’d my love-struck soul,  
that I  
Still live in torment, yet each minute die.”

“ Who is it,” said Philocrates, “ can move  
With charming eyes such deep affection ?  
I may perhaps assist you in your love ;  
Two can effect more than yourself alone.  
My counsel this thy error may reclaim,  
Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.”

“Nay,” said Philetus, “oft my eyes do flow  
Like Nilus, when it scorns the’ opposed shore ;  
Yet all the watery plenty I bestow,  
Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more.

So fame reports o’ the’ Dodonéan spring,  
That lightens all those which are put therein.

“But, being you desire to know her, she  
Is call’d” (with that his eyes let fall a shower,  
As if they fain would drown the memory  
Of his life-keeper’s name) “Constantia—” More  
Grief would not let him utter ; tears, the best  
Expressers of true sorrow, spoke the rest.

To which his noble friend did thus reply :  
“And was this all ? Whate’er your grief would ease,  
Though a far greater task, believe’t, for thee  
It should be soon done by Philocrates :

Think all your wish perform’d ; but see, the day,  
Tired with its heat, is hasting now away !”

Home from the silent woods Night bids them go :  
But sad Philetus can no comfort find ;  
What in the day he fears of future woe,  
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.

Why dost thou vex him, Love ? Couldst thou but  
Thou wouldst thyself Philetus’ rival be. [see,

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,  
And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,  
Brings him to fair Constantia ; where alone  
He might impart his love, and either end  
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,  
Or, by her liking, his wish’d joys attain.

“ Fairest,” said he, “ whom the bright Heavens  
do cover,

Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise !  
These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,  
Thus struck to the’ earth by your all-dazzling eyes !  
And do not you condemn that ardent flame,  
Which from yourself, your own fair beauty, came !

“ Trust me, I long have hid my love ; but now  
Am forced to show’t, such is my inward smart !  
And you alone, fair saint ! the means do know  
To heal the wound of my consuming heart.

Then, since it only in your power doth lie  
To kill or save, Oh ! help, or else I die.”

His gently-cruel love did thus reply ;

“ I for your pain am grieved, and would do,  
Without impeachment of my chastity  
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.  
But, if beyond those limits you demand,  
I must not answer, sir, nor understand.”

“ Believe me, virtuous maiden ! my desire  
Is chaste and pious as thy virgin thought ;  
No flash of lust, ’tis no dishonest fire,  
Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought ;  
But as thy beauty pure ; which let not be  
Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty !”

“ Oh ! how shall I reply ?” she cry’d, “ thou’st won  
My soul, and therefore take thy victory :  
Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o’ercome,  
And if I should deny thee love, then I  
Should be a tyrant to myself : that fire  
Which is kept close burns with the greatest ire.



“ Yet do not count my yielding lightness, now ;  
Impute it rather to my ardent love ;  
Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,  
And pleading Beauty did my liking move ; [might  
Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with their  
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.”

“ Oh! I am rapt above the reach,” said he,  
“ Of thought; my soul already feels the bliss [thee  
Of Heaven: when, sweet, my thoughts once tax but  
With any crime, may I lose all happiness  
Is wish'd for: both your favour here, and dead,  
May the just gods pour vengeance on my head!”

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate !)  
Constantia's father enter'd in the room,  
When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,  
Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun,  
Or else the Morn, blushing through clouds of  
To see ascending Sol congratulate her. [water,

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,  
Reading his fatal Theta in the brows  
Of him who both his life and death commands,  
Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows :  
Such was his state to see her father come,  
Nor wish'd-for, nor expected, in the room.

The' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare  
Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be  
At any time with his loved daughter there,  
Till he had given him such authority :  
But to depart, since she her love did show him,  
Was living death, with lingering torments, to him.

This being known to kind Philocrates,  
He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,  
And by some letter his grieved mind appease,  
And show her that which to her friendly ear  
Time gave no leave to tell; and thus his quill  
Declares to her the absent lover's will.

## THE LETTER.

PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

I trust, dear soul, my absence cannot move  
You to forget or doubt my ardent love:  
For, were there any means to see you, I  
Would run through death, and all the misery  
Fate could inflict; that so the world might say,  
In life and death I lov'd Constantia.  
Then let not, dearest sweet, our absence part  
Our loves, but each breast keep the other's heart;  
Give warmth to one another, till there rise  
From all our labours and our industries  
The long-expected fruits: have patience, sweet!  
There's no man whom the summer pleasures greet  
Before he taste the winter; none can say,  
Ere night was gone, he saw the rising day.  
So, when we once have wasted Sorrow's night,  
The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

PHILETUS.

This, when Constantia read, she thought her state  
Most happy, by Philetus' constancy  
And perfect love: she thanks her flattering fate,  
Kisses the paper, till with kissing she  
The welcome characters doth dull and stain:  
Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

Your absence, sir, though it be long, yet I  
 Neither forget nor doubt your constancy.  
 Nor need you fear that I should yield unto  
 Another, what to your true love is due.  
 My heart is yours; it is not in my claim,  
 Nor have I power to take it back again. [time,  
 There's nought but death can part our souls; no  
 Or angry friends, shall make my love decline:  
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,  
 Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!  
 Prouder was he of this than Phæton,  
 When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,  
 Unknowing of the danger was to come:  
 Prouder than Jason, when from Colchos he  
 Returned with the fleece's victory.

But ere the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,  
 Had paid the sweating plowman's greediest prayer,  
 And by the fall disrobed the gaudy ground  
 Of all those ornaments it used to wear;  
 Them kind Philocrates to' each other brought,  
 Where they this means to' enjoy their freedom  
 wrought.

"Sweet fair-one," said Philetus, since the time  
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave  
 To' enjoy our loves; oh, let us not resign  
 This long'd for favour, nor ourselves bereave  
 Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,  
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly!

“ For when your father, as his custom is,  
 For pleasure doth pursue the timorous hare,  
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss  
 To be in those woods ready for you, where  
     We may depart in safety, and no more  
     With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.”

To this the happy lovers soon agree;  
 But, ere they part, Philetus begs to hear,  
 From her enchanting voice a melody,  
 One song to satisfy his longing ear :  
     She yields ; and, singing added to desire,  
     The listening youth increased his amorous fire.

#### THE SONG.

Time ! fly with greater speed away,  
 Add feathers to thy wings,  
 Till thy haste in flying brings  
 That wish'd-for, and expected day.

Comfort's Sun we then shall see,  
 Though at first it darken'd be  
 With dangers ; yet, those clouds but gone,  
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

Then, though Death's sad night appear,  
 And we in lonely silence rest ;  
 Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,  
 But with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,  
 Nor no new death extend its power ;  
 Thus there's nothing can dissever  
 Hearts which Love hath join'd together.

Fear of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,  
But ere they part she willingly doth give  
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)  
Many a soft kiss ; then they each other leave,  
    Rapt up with secret joy that they have found,  
    A way to heal the torment of their wound.

But, ere the Sun through many days had run,  
Constantia's charming beauty had o'ercome  
Guisardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won ;  
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,  
    Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,  
    As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn  
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound ;  
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,  
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground ;  
    But in his soul, that should contain the store  
    Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

Him was Constantia urged continually,  
By' her friends, to love : sometimes they did entreat  
With gentle speeches and mild courtesy ;  
Which when they see despised by her, they threat.  
    But love too deep was seated in her heart,  
    To be worn out by thought of any smart.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,  
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game ;  
Guisardo and Philocrates were there,  
With many friends too tedious here to name :  
    With them Constantia went, but not to find  
    The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they  
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late  
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away  
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate ;  
That came too soon upon him ; and his sun  
Was quite eclipsed before it fully shone.

Constantia miss'd, the hunters in amaze  
Take each a several course, and by curst Fate  
Guisardo runs, with a love-carried pace,  
Towards them, who little knew their woful state :  
Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high  
To honours, found the depth of misery.

For when Guisardo sees his rival there,  
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind  
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,  
And with his sword a way to 's heart does find.  
But, ere his spirits were possest of death,  
In these few words he spent his latest breath :

“ O, see, Constantia ! my short race is run ;  
See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye ;  
But live thou happier than thy love hath done,  
And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me !  
More my short time permits me not to tell,  
For now Death seizeth me ; my dear, farewell !”

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled  
From his pierced body, whilst Constantia, she  
Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,  
And become pale and wan ; and now each eye,  
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,  
A star that's fallen, or an eclipsed sun.

Thither Philocrates was driven by Fate,  
And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;  
Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sate,  
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.

Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,  
“ Friend, I’ll revenge, or bear thee company !

“ Just Jove hath sent me to revenge his fate ;  
Nay, stay, Guisardo, think not Heaven in jest :  
’Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state.”

Then thrust his sword into the villain’s breast.

“ Here,” said Philocrates, “ thy life I send  
A sacrifice, to’ appease my slaughter’d friend.”

But, as he fell, “ Take this reward,” said he,  
“ For thy new victory.” With that he flung  
His darted rapier at his enemy,

Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.

With that he falls, but, lifting up his eyes,  
“ Farewell, Constantia !” that word said, he dies.

What shall she do ? She to her brother runs,  
His cold and lifeless body does embrace ;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,  
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.

“ My dear Philocrates !” she, weeping, cries,

“ Speak to thy sister !” but no voice replies.

Then running to her love, with many a tear,  
Thus her mind’s fervent passion she exprest ;  
“ O stay, blest soul, stay but a little here,  
And take me with you to a lasting rest.

Then to Elysium’s mansions both shall fly,  
Be married there, and never more to die,”

But, seeing them both dead, she cry'd, "Ah me!  
Ah, my Philetus! for thy sake will I  
Make up a full and perfect tragedy:  
Since 'twas for me, dear love, that thou didst die,  
I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore;  
These eyes, that saw thee kill'd, shall see no  
more.

"It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,  
And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain:  
No, no, dear soul! I will not stay from thee;  
That will reflect upon my valued fame." [cries,  
Then piercing her sad breast, "I come!" she  
And Death for ever closed her weeping eyes.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,  
Her father comes, and, seeing this, he falls  
To the' earth, with grief too great to be exprest:  
Whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls  
To' o'erpass; which I most gladly do, for fear  
That I should toil too much the reader's ear.



THE  
TRAGICAL HISTORY  
OF  
PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

---

TO THE  
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, MY VERY LOVING MASTER,  
MR. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,  
CHIEF SCHOOL-MASTER OF WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.

SIR,  
MY childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet  
Can only show some budding of her wit.  
One frown upon her work, learn'd sir, from you,  
Like some unkindler storm shot from your brow,  
Would turn her spring to withering autumn's time,  
And make her blossoms perish ere their prime.  
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye  
She an auspicious alpha can descry,  
How soon will they grow fruit! how fresh appear!  
That had such beams their infancy to cheer!  
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then  
The earliest offering of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

---

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were  
By mighty Ninus' wife, two houses join'd:  
One Thisbe lived in, Pyramus the fair  
In the' other: Earth ne'er boasted such a pair!  
The very senseless walls themselves combined,  
And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

Thisbe all other women did excel,  
The queen of love less lovely was than she :  
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell ;  
Nature grew proud in framing them so well.

But Venus, envying they so fair should be,  
Bids her son Cupid show his cruelty.

The all-subduing god his bow doth bend,  
Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,  
Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,  
And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end.

But could he see, he had not wrought their smart ;  
For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

Like as a bird, which in a net is ta'en,  
By struggling more entangles in the gin ;  
So they, who in Love's labyrinth remain,  
With striving never can a freedom gain.

The way to enter's broad ; but, being in,  
No art, no labour can an exit win.

These lovers, though their parents did reprove  
Their fires, and watched their deeds with jealousy ;  
Though in these storms no comfort could remove  
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love ;  
Though he nor her's, nor she his face could see,  
Yet this could not abolish Love's decree ;

For age had crack'd the wall which did them part ;  
This the unanimous couple soon did spy,  
And here their inward sorrows did impart,  
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.

Though Love be blind, this shows he can descry  
A way to lessen his own misery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,  
And feed themselves with the celestial air  
Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport  
They could enjoy ; yet think the time but short,  
And wish that it again renewed were,  
To suck each other's breath for ever there.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,  
And sometimes they accused imperial Jove ;  
Sometimes repent their flames ; but all too late ;  
The arrow could not be recall'd : their state  
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,  
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,  
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,  
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,  
And by their tears could understand their smart :  
But it was hard and knew not what they meant,  
Nor with their sighs, alas ! would it relent.

This in effect they said ; “ Cursed Wall ! O Why  
Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love  
Breaks thorough all thy flinty cruelty !  
For both our souls so closely joined lie,  
That nought but angry Death can them remove ;  
And though he part them, yet they'll meet above.”

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,  
And damm'd the lovely splendour of their sight,  
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watery cloud  
O'erspreads his face, and his bright beams doth  
shroud ;  
Till Vesper chased away the conquer'd light,  
And forced them (though loth) to bid good-night.

But ere Aurora, usher to the day,  
Began with welcome lustre to appear,  
The lovers rise, and at that cranny they  
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,  
    With many a sigh and many a speaking tear;  
    Whose grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

“ Dear love !” said Pyramus, “ how long shall we,  
Like fairest flowers not gather'd in their prime,  
Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,  
Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty  
    Upon ourselves? for beauty, though it shine  
    Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

“ Therefore, sweet Thisbe, let us meet this night  
At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,  
Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white  
Abounding, there to' enjoy our wish'd delight.  
    For mounting love, stopt in its course, doth fall,  
    And long'd for, yet untasted, joy kills all.

“ What though our cruel parents angry be?  
What though our friends, alas ! are too unkind,  
Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,  
And soon hold back fit opportunity.  
    Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find ;  
    Occasion, once pass'd by, is bald behind.”

She soon agreed to that which he required,  
For little wooing needs, where both consent ;  
What he so long had pleaded, she desired :  
Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspired,  
    And many a charming accent to her sent,  
    That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,  
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;  
Just like the Moon, which seeks to' eclipse the Sun,  
Whence all her splendour, all her beams, do come:  
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,  
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came;  
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan  
Against her Pyramus for to exclaim,  
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:  
And, imitating thus the silver swan,  
A little while before her death, she sang:

## THE SONG.

COME, love! why stayest thou? the night  
Will vanish ere we taste delight:  
The Moon obscures herself from sight,  
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

Come quickly, dear! be brief as Time,  
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en;  
Love's joy's thine own as well as mine;  
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

HERE doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant  
song,

And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh;  
Her Pyramus, she thought, did tarry long,  
And that his absence did her too much wrong.

Then, betwixt longing, hope, and jealousy,  
She fears, yet's loath to tax, his loyalty.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;  
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen him :  
She fears that he another love hath taken ;  
Which, being but imagined, soon doth waken  
    Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did  
        fling  
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood  
An angry lion to the crystal springs,  
Near to that place ; who coming from his food,  
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood :  
    Swifter than thought, sweet Thisbe strait begins  
    To fly from him ; fear gave her swallow's wings.

As she avoids the lion, her desire  
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come,  
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,  
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire :  
    But fear expels all reasons ; she doth run  
    Into a darksome cave, ne'er seen by sun.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall :  
Which, when the' enraged lion did espy,  
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small ;  
While Thisbe ran, and look'd not back at all ;  
    For, could the senseless beast her face descry,  
    It had not done her such an injury.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come ;  
Who, seeing printed in the yielding sand  
The lion's paw, and by the fountain some  
Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb ;  
    Just like a marble statue did he stand,  
    Cut by some skilful graver's artful hand.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,  
Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed :  
“ I may,” said he, “ myself for her death blame ;  
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame :  
Since she is dead, whose beauty doth exceed  
All that frail man can either hear or read.”

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,  
“ Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt  
Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid :  
I strait will meet thee in the pleasant shade  
Of cool Elysium ; where we, being met,  
Shall taste those joys that here we could not get.”

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, life lies  
From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair :  
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,  
His blood had dropt upon the mulberries ;  
With which the' unspotted berries stained were,  
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear  
Of disappointing Pyramus, since she  
Was bound by promise for to meet him there :  
But when she saw the berries changed were  
From white to black, she knew not certainly  
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the dark cave she came,  
Thinking to tell how she escaped the beast !  
But, when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,  
Ah ! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain !  
She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,  
And every sign of raging grief express'd.

She blames all-powerful Jove ; and strives to take  
His bleeding body from the moisten'd ground.

She kisses his pale face, till she doth make  
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake

His parting soul with mournful words ; his  
wound found.

Washes with tears, that her sweet speech con-

But afterwards, recovering breath, said she,  
“ Alas ! what chance hath parted thee and I ?  
O tell what evil hath befallen to thee,  
That of thy death I may a partner be :

Tell Thisbe what hath caused this tragedy !”

He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye ;

And on his love he raised his dying head :

Where, striving long for breath, at last said he,

“ O Thisbe, I am hasting to the dead,

And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred :

Farewell, sweet Thisbe ! we must parted be,

For angry Death will force me soon from thee.”

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,

Leaving his love to languish here in woe.

What shall she do ? How shall she ease her heart ?

Or with what language speak her inward smart ?

Usurping passion reason doth o'erflow,

She vows that with her Pyramus she'll go :

Then takes the sword wherewith her love was slain,  
With Pyramus's crimson blood warm still ;

And said, “ Oh stay, bless'd soul, awhile refrain,  
That we may go together, and remain

In endless joys, and never fear the ill

Of grudging friends !”—Then she herself did kill .



To tell what grief their parents did sustain,  
Were more than my rude quill can overcome;  
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,  
For weeping calls not back the dead again.

Both in one grave were laid, when life was done;  
And these few words were writ upon the tomb:

## EPITAPH.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone,  
Lie two beauties join'd in one.

Two, whose loves death could not sever;  
For both lived, both died together.

Two, whose souls, being too divine  
For earth, in their own sphere now shine.

Who have left their loves to fame,  
And their earth to earth again.

# SYLVA :

OR,

## DIVERS COPIES OF VERSES,

MADE UPON SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

---

### DE FELICI PARTU REGINÆ MARIÆ<sup>1</sup>.

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,  
Et populum pascit religiosa fames,  
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam :  
Pere iterum nobis, læte December, ades.

<sup>1</sup> From the ΣΤΝΩΔΙΑ, sive Musarum Cantabrigiensium Consensus et Congratulatio, ad serenissimum Britanniarum Regem Carolum, de quinta sua sobole [Princess Anne], clarissima Principe, sibi nuper felicissimè nata. Cantabrigiæ, 1637. I doubt not but it will prove a pleasing amusement to the curious reader, to trace the first dawnings of genius in some of our first-rate poetic characters; and to compare them with the eminence they afterwards attained to, and the rank they at last held among their brethren of the laurel. Some early specimens of Dryden's genius may be seen in the first volume of his poems. Those of Cowley, here printed, abound with strokes of wit, some true, but the far greater part false; which thoroughly characterize the writer, and may be justly pronounced to point out his genius and manner, in miniature. K.—This species of entertainment the kind attention of Mr. Kynaston (the friend to whom I owe these remarks) enables me considerably to extend, by furnishing the earliest poetical productions of some writers who are now universally looked up to as excellent; none of which are to be found in any edition of their respective works. In such juvenile performances, it is well observed by an ad-

Ite, quibus lusum Bacchusque Ceresque ministrant,  
Et risum vitis lacryma rubra movet.

Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti :

Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.

Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,

Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet ?

Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem ?

Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.

Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,

Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.

VICISTI tandem, vicisti, casta Maria ;

Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.

A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille !

Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.

Jam tua plus vivit pictura ; at proxima fiet

Regis, et in methodo te peperisse juvat.

O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri !

O sancta hæc inter jurgia vetus amor !

Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro

Tam populo (et notum est quàm placet ille)  
placet.

Da veniam, hîc omnes nimium quòd simus avari ;

Da veniam, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.

Cúmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)

In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,

Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago

Non minus in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.

ABRAHAMUS COWLEY, *T[rin]*. *C[oll]*.

mirable critic, " the absurd conceits and extravagant fancies are the true seeds and germs, which afterwards ripen, by proper culture, into the most luxuriant harvests." See *Annual Register*, 1779, p. 180. J. N.

## IN FELICISSIMAM REGINÆ MARIÆ, FERTILITATEM<sup>2</sup>.

NATURÆ facies renovatur quolibet anno,  
 Et sese mirùm fertilis ipsa parit.  
 Sic quoque Naturæ exemplar Regina, decusque,  
     In fœtu toties se videt ipsa novam,  
 Penè omnem signas tam sæpè puerpera mensem,  
     Et cupit à partu nomen habere tuo.  
 Quæque tuos toties audit Lucina labores,  
     Vix ipsa in proprio sæpiùs Orbe tumet.  
 Fœcundam semper spectabis Jane, Mariam,  
     Sive hâc sive illâ fronte videre voles.  
 Discite, subjecti, officium : Regina Marito  
     Annua jam toties ipsa tributa dedit.

DUM redit à sanctis non fessus Carolus aris,  
     Principis occurrit nuntia fama novi.  
 Non mirum, existat cùm proximus ipse Tonanti,  
     Vicinum attingunt quòd citò vota Deum.  
 Non mirum, cùm sit tam sanctâ mente precatus,  
     Quòd precibus merces tam properata venit.  
 Factura ô longùm nobis jejunia festum !  
     O magnas epulas exhibitura fames !  
 En fundunt gemitum et lacrymarum flumina ; tur-  
     Cum Reginâ ipsam parturiſſe putes.      [bam  
 Credibile est puerum populi sensisse dolores ;  
     Edidit hinc mœstos flebilis ipse sonos.

A. COWLEY, A.B. *T[rin]. C[oll].*

<sup>2</sup> From the *Voces Votivæ* ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus pro novissimo Caroli et Mariæ Principe Filio, emissæ. Cantabrigiæ, 1640.

## UPON THE

HAPPY BIRTH OF THE DUKE<sup>3</sup>.

WHILST the rude North Charles his slow wrath  
 doth call,  
 Whilst war is fear'd, and conquest hoped by all,  
 The severall shires their various forces lend,  
 And some do men, some gallant horses, send,  
 Some steel, and some (the stronger weapon) gold:  
 These warlike contributions are but old.  
 That country learn'd a new and better way,  
 Which did this royal prince for tribute pay.  
 Who shall henceforth be with such rage possess'd,  
 To rouse our English lion from his rest?  
 When a new son doth his bless'd stock adorn,  
 Then to great Charles is a new army born.  
 In private births hopes challenge the first place:  
 There's certainty at first in the king's race;  
 And we may say, Such will his glories be,  
 Such his great acts, and, yet not prophesy.  
 I see in him his father's boundless sprite,  
 Powerful as flame, yet gentle as the light.  
 I see him through an adverse battle thrust,  
 Bedeck'd with noble sweat and comely dust.  
 I see the piety of the day appear,  
 Join'd with the heat and valour of the year,  
 Which happy Fate did to this birth allow:  
 I see all this; for sure 'tis present now.

<sup>3</sup> Henry, who was declared by his father duke of Gloucester in 1641, but not so created till May 13, 1659. He died September 13, 1660.—The Verses are taken from the *Voces Votivæ*, &c. 1640. J. N.

Leave off then, London, to accuse the stars  
For adding a worse terror to the wars ;  
Nor quarrel with the Heavens, 'cause they begin  
To send the worst effect and scourge of sin,  
That dreadful plague, which wheresoe'er 't abide,  
Devours both man and each disease beside.  
For every life which from great Charles does flow,  
And's female self, weighs down a crowd of low  
And vulgar souls : Fate rids of them the Earth,  
To make more room for a great prince's birth.  
So when the Sun, after his wat'ry rest,  
Comes dancing from his chamber of the east,  
A thousand petty lamps, spread o'er the sky,  
Shrink in their doubtful beams, then wink, and die :  
Yet no man grieves ; the very birds arise,  
And sing glad notes instead of elegies :  
The leaves and painted flowers, which did erewhile  
Tremble with mournful drops, begin to smile.  
The loss of many why should they bemoan,  
Who for them more than many have in one ?

How bless'd must thou thyself, bright Mary, be,  
Who by thy womb canst bless our misery ?  
May 't still be fruitful ! May your offspring too  
Spread largely, as your fame and virtues do !  
Fill every season thus : Time, which devours  
Its own sons, will be glad and proud of yours.  
So will the year (though sure it weary'd be  
With often revolutions) when 't shall see  
The honour by such births it doth attain,  
Joy to return into itself again.

A. COWLEY, A. B. *T*[rin]. *C*[oll].

## AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
DUDLEY LORD CARLETON,

VISCOUNT DORCHESTER, LATE PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF  
STATE.

THE' infernal sisters did a council call  
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian hall ;  
The dire Tartarian monsters, hating light,  
Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,  
Where'er dispersed abroad, hearing the fame  
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.  
Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,  
And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill :  
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,  
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age.  
These, to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent<sup>4</sup> :  
The council thus dissolved, an angry Fever,  
Whose quenchless thirst by blood was sated never,  
Envyng the riches, honour, greatness, love,  
And virtue (load-stone, that all these did move)  
Of noble Carleton, him she took away,  
And, like a greedy vulture, seized her prey.  
Weep with me, each who either reads or hears,  
And know his loss deserves his country's tears !  
The Muses lost a patron by his fate,  
Virtue a husband, and a prop the State.  
Sol's chorus weeps, and, to adorn his hearse,  
Calliope would sing a tragic verse.  
And, had there been before no spring of theirs,  
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

ABR. COWLEY.

<sup>4</sup> Something is here wanting, as appears from the want both of rhyme and connection. J. N.

## AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MY LOVING FRIEND AND COUSIN,

MR. RICHARD CLARKE, GENT.

LATE OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

IT was decreed by stedfast Destiny  
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.  
 He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,  
 And dangers of the' infernal region,  
 Leading Hell's triple porter captive,  
 Was overcome himself by conquering Fate.  
 The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,  
 Which in the ears did lock up every sense  
 Of the rapt hearer ; his mellifluous breath  
 Could not at all charm unremorseless Death ;  
 Nor Solon, so by Greece admired, could save  
 Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.  
 Stern Fate brought Maro to his funeral flame,  
 And would have ended in that fire his fame ;  
 Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be  
 Time's conquerors, and out-last eternity.      find,  
 Even so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could  
 Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.  
 He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,  
 With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue.  
 And, could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,  
 He would condemn his own to fire again.  
 His youth a Solon's wisdom did presage,  
 Had envious Time but given him Solon's age.  
 Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,  
 Bewail his fatal and untimely end ?



Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,  
As not to weep when so much virtue dies ?  
The god of poets doth in darkness shroud  
His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.  
The doleful Muses thinking now to write  
Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight ;  
But him to' Elysium's lasting joys they bring,  
Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

---

## A DREAM OF ELYSIUM.

PHŒBUS, expell'd by the approaching night,  
Blush'd, and for shame closed in his bashful light,  
While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,  
The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room :  
Her hair with looser curiosity  
Did on her comely back dishevell'd lie :  
Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
As might have waked sleeping Endymion.  
She bade me rise, and promised I should see  
Those fields, those mansions of felicity,  
We mortals so admire at : speaking thus,  
She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,  
On whom I rid ; knowing, wherever she  
Did go, that place must needs a temple be.

No sooner was my flying courser come  
To the blest dwellings of Elysium,  
When strait a thousand unknown joys resort,  
And hemm'd me round ; chaste Love's innocuous  
sport !

A thousand sweets, bought with no following gall,  
Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.

How many objects charm my wandering eye,  
And bid my soul gaze there eternally !  
Here in full streams, Bacchus, thy liquor flows,  
Nor knows to ebb ; here Jove's broad tree bestows  
Distilling honey ; here doth nectar pass,  
With copious current, through the verdant grass :  
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,  
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,  
Once lovely boys ! and Acis, now a flower,  
Are nourish'd with that rarer herb, whose power  
Created thee, War's potent god ! here grows  
The spotless lily and the blushing rose ;  
And all those divers ornaments abound,  
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.  
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,  
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb.  
None but Apollo's tree, and the' ivy twine  
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,  
And trees with golden apples loaded down,  
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,  
Unmindful of her former misery,  
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony ;  
Whilst all the murmuring brooks that glide along,  
Make up a burthen to her pleasing song.  
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night ;  
No hideous raven with prodigious flight,  
Presaging future ill ; nor, Progne, thee,  
Yet spotted with young Itis' tragedy,  
Those sacred bowers receive. There's nothing there  
That is not pure ; all innocent and rare.  
Turning my greedy sight another way,  
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,  
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre  
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire.

Him the whole poets' chorus compass'd round,  
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel crown'd.  
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,  
Better than thou couldst give, ungrateful Rome!  
And Lucan (spite of Nero) in each vein  
Had every drop of his spilt blood again:  
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,  
But saw as well in body as in mind.  
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest  
Of Greece's admired wise-men, here possess  
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain  
A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place;  
All who stern Death and perils did embrace  
For Virtue's cause. Great Alexander there  
Laughs at the Earth's small empire, and did wear  
A nobler crown than the whole world could give:  
There did Horatius, Cocles, Sceva, live,  
And valiant Decius; who now freely cease  
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bower, where doves  
And gall-less pigeons build their nests, all Love's  
True faithful servants, with an amorous kiss  
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.  
Leander with his beauteous Hero plays,  
Nor are they parted with dividing seas:  
Porcia enjoys her Brutus; Death no more  
Can now divorce their wedding, as before:  
Thisbe her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he  
Embraced, each bless'd with the' other's company:  
And every couple, always dancing, sing  
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.  
But see how soon these pleasures fade away!  
How near to evening is Delight's short day!

The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,  
Strait crowed; and all these vanish'd from my sight:  
My very Muse herself forsook me too.  
Me grief and wonder waked: what should I do?  
Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go  
From life, that I may dream for ever so.  
With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp  
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.  
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,  
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

---

## ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN

### OUT OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT Charles!—there stop, ye trumpeters of  
Fame!

For he who speaks his titles, his great name,  
Must have a breathing time—our king:—stay there;  
Speak by degrees; let the inquisitive ear  
Be held in doubt, and, ere you say “is come,”  
Let every heart prepare a spacious room  
For ample joys: then Iö sing, as loud  
As thunder shot from the divided cloud!

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves  
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves  
Great Neptune's court: let every sparrow bear  
From the three Sisters' weeping bark a tear:  
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill  
With crystal, fetch'd from the Promethean hill:  
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,  
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose:

Let the self-gotten phenix rob his nest,  
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best  
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of cassia, bring,  
To strew the way for our returned king!

Let every post a panegyric wear,  
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear :  
And yet, let no man invoke a Muse ;  
The very matter will itself infuse  
A sacred fury : let the merry bells  
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)  
Ring without help of sexton, and presage  
A new-made holy-day for future age !

And, if the ancients used to dedicate  
A golden temple to propitious Fate,  
At the return of any noble men,  
Of heroes, or of emperors, we must then  
Raise up a double trophy ; for their fame  
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name.  
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow,  
Where no defects or imperfections grow ?  
Whose head is always crown'd with victory,  
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand ; him Luxury  
In peace debilitates : whose tongue can win  
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in.  
On whom (like Atlas' shoulders) the propt state  
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)  
Solely relies ; him blind Ambition moves ;  
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.  
But all those virtues which they all possess'd  
Divided, are collected in thy breast,  
Great Charles ! Let Cæsar boast Pharsalia's fight,  
Honorius praise the Parthian's unfeign'd flight :  
Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,  
And place his image near the thunderer ;

Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns  
"Twixt Mercy and Astrea, and maintains  
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he,  
Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

---

## SONG,

ON THE SAME.

HENCE, clouded looks ; hence, briny tears,  
Hence eye that Sorrow's livery wears !  
What though awhile Apollo please  
To visit the Antipodes ?  
Yet he returns, and with his light  
Expels what he hath caused—the night.  
What though the Spring vanish away,  
And with it the Earth's form decay ?  
Yet his new-birth will soon restore  
What its departure took before.  
What though we miss'd our absent king  
Awhile ? great Charles is come again ;  
And with his presence makes us know  
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.  
So doth a cruel storm impart  
And teach us Palinurus' art :  
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,  
A joyful Venus doth arise.

---

## A VOTE.

LEST the misjudging world should chance to say  
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray ;  
    To whisper in Jove's ear  
How much I wish that funeral,  
Or gape at such a great one's fall ;  
    This let all ages hear,

And future times in my soul's picture see  
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

I would not be a puritan, though he  
Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be  
    But half a quarter long ;  
Though, from his old mechanic trade,  
By vision he's a pastor made,  
    His faith was grown so strong ;  
Nay, though he think to gain salvation  
By calling the' pope the Whore of Babylon.

I would not be a school-master, though he  
His rods no less than fasces deems to be ;  
    Though he in many a place  
Turns Lilly oftener than his gowns,  
Till at the last he make the nouns  
    Fight with the verbs apace ;  
Nay, though he can, in a poetic heat,  
Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat.

I would not be justice of peace, though he  
Can with equality divide the fee,  
    And stakes with his clerk draw ;  
Nay, though he sits upon the place  
Of judgment, with a learned face  
    Intricate as the law ;  
And, whilst he mulets enormities demurely,  
Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

I would not be a courtier, though he  
Makes his whole life the truest comedy,  
    Although he be a man  
In whom the taylor's forming art,  
And nimble barber, claim more part  
    Than Nature herself can ;

Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent  
To put off Death too with a compliment.

From lawyers' tongues, though they can spin with  
The shortest cause into a paraphrase ; [ease

From usurers' conscience

(For swallowing up young heirs so fast,  
Without all doubt, they'll choke at last)

Make me all innocence,

Good Heaven! and from thy eyes, O Justice! keep;  
For though they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

From singing-men's religion, who are  
Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there

They build themselves a nest:

From too much poetry, which shines  
With gold in nothing but its lines,

Free, O you powers! my breast.

And from astronomy, which in the skies  
Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

From your court-madams' beauty, which doth carry  
At morning May, at night a January:

From the grave city brow

(For though it want an R, it has  
The letter of Pythagoras)

Keep me, O Fortune, now!

And chins of beef innumerable send me,  
Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,

Not from great deeds, but good alone;  
The' unknown are better than ill-known;

Rumour can ope the grave!



Acquaintance I would have ; but when 't depends  
Not from the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;  
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace ; and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not Art's ; that pleasures yield  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, and happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate ;

But boldly say, each night,  
To-morrow let my Sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day<sup>5</sup>.

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### A POETICAL REVENGE.

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed  
To meet in ; he (some business 'twas did breed  
His absence) came not there ; I up did go  
To the next court ; for though I could not know  
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear  
(As most spectators do at theatre)  
Things very strange : Fortune did seem to grace  
My coming there, and help'd me to a place

<sup>5</sup> The three concluding stanzas of this poem are introduced by Mr. Cowley in his *Essays in Verse and Prose*. N.

But, being newly settled at the sport,  
A semi-gentleman of the inns of court,  
In a satin suit, redeem'd but yesterday,  
One who is ravish'd with a cock-pit play,  
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil  
Besides a tailor's bill, and fears no devil  
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat :  
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat  
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take  
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake ;  
“ Boy, get you gone ; this is no school.” “ Oh no ;  
For, if it were, all you gown'd men would go  
Up for false Latin.” They grew straight to be  
Incensed ; I fear'd they would have brought on me  
An action of trespass : till the young man  
Aforesaid, in the satin suit, began  
To strike me : doubtless there had been a fray,  
Had not I providently skipp'd away  
Without replying ; for to scold is ill,  
Where every tongue's the clapper of a mill,  
And can out-sound Homer's *Gradivus* ; so  
Away got I : but ere I far did go,  
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)  
These two or three sharp curses back : “ May he  
Be by his father in his study took  
At Shakespeare's plays, instead of my lord Coke !  
May he (though all his writings grow as soon  
As Butter's out of estimation)  
Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come  
Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room !  
May he become some poor physician's prey,  
Who keeps men with that conscience in delay  
As he his client doth, till his health be  
As far-fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree !

Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone  
 Never but in the long vacation !  
 May neighbours use all quarrels to decide ;  
 But if for law any to London ride,  
 Of all those clients let not one be his,  
 Unless he come in *forma pauperis* !

“ Grant this, ye gods that favour poetry !  
 That all these never ceasing tongues may be  
 Brought into reformation, and not dare  
 To quarrel with a thread-bare black : but spare  
 Them who bear scholars’ names, lest some one take  
 Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.”

---



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TO THE

## DUTCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen  
 Nature’s best picture of the Cyprian queen ;  
 If I should swear, under Minerva’s name,  
 Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame ;  
 The future age would think it flattery ;  
 But to the present, which can witness be,  
 ’Twould seem beneath your high deserts, as far  
 As you above the rest of women are.

When Manners’ name with Villiers’ join’d I see,  
 How do I reverence your nobility !  
 But when the virtues of your stock I view,  
 (Envy’d in your dead lord, admired in you)  
 I half adore them ; for what woman can,  
 Besides yourself (nay, I might say what man)  
 But sex, and birth, and fate, and years excel  
 In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well ?

Oh, how had this bigot idolatry,  
 If you had lived in the world’s infancy,

When man's too much religion made the best  
Or deities, or semi-gods at least !  
But we, forbidden this by piety,  
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,  
Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray  
Not to, but for, you ; nor that England may  
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,  
But, what's more possible, to' enjoy you long.

---

TO HIS VERY MUCH HONOURED

GODFATHER, MR. A. B.

I LOVE (for that upon the wings of Fame [name.  
Shall perhaps mock Death or Time's darts) my  
I love it more, because 'twas given by you ;  
I love it most, because 'twas your name too ;  
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame  
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm glad that city, to' whom I owed before  
(But, ah me ! Fate hath cross'd that willing score)  
A father, gave me a godfather too ;  
And I'm more glad, because it gave me you ;  
Whom I may rightly think, and term, to be  
Of the whole city an epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one  
(When Nature had not licensed my tongue  
Farther than cries) who should my office do ;  
I thank her more, because she found out you :  
In whose each look I may a sentence see ;  
In whose each deed, a teaching homily.

How shall I pay this debt to you ? My fate  
Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate ;

Which though it did not, to requite you thus,  
 Were to send apples to Alcinous,  
 And sell the cunning'st way.—No ! when I can,  
 In every leaf, in every verse, write man ;

When my quill relisheth a school no more ;  
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learn'd to soar,  
 And gotten wings as well as feet ; look then  
 For equal thanks from my unwearied pen :  
 Till future ages say, 'twas you did give  
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

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## AN ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN LITTLETON, ESQUIRE,

SON AND HEIR TO SIR THOMAS LITTLETON,

*Who was drowned leaping into the Water to save his younger  
 Brother.*

AND must these waters smile again, and play  
 About the shore, as they did yesterday ?  
 Will the Sun court them still ? and shall they show  
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,  
 That to the thirsty traveller may say,  
 “ I am accursed ; go turn some other way ? ”

It is unjust : black Flood ! thy guilt is more,  
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watery store  
 Can give thee tears to mourn for : birds shall be,  
 And beasts, henceforth afraid to drink of thee.

What have I said ? my pious rage hath been  
 Too hot, and acts, whilst it accuseth, sin.  
 Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,  
 Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.

How is angry zeal confined ! for he  
Must quarrel with his love and piety,  
That would revenge his death. Oh, I shall sin,  
And wish anon he had less virtuous been.  
For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,  
But they're all challenged by the greater ill)  
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too  
Leap'd in, and when hope no faint beam could shew,  
His charity shone most : " Thou shalt," said he,  
" Live with me, brother, or I'll die with thee ;"  
And so he did ! Had he been thine, O Rome !  
Thou wouldst have call'd this death a martyrdom,  
And sainted him. My conscience give me leave,  
I'll do so too : if Fate will us bereave  
Of him we honour'd living, there must be  
A kind of reverence to his memory,  
After his death ; and where more just than here,  
Where life and end were both so singular ?  
He that had only talk'd with him, might find  
A little academy in his mind ;  
Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all  
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call :  
Reason, and Holy Fear, the proctors were,  
To apprehend those words, those thoughts, that err.  
His learning had out-run the rest of heirs,  
Stolen beard from Time, and leap'd to twenty years.  
And, as the Sun, though in full glory bright,  
Shines upon all men with impartial light,  
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings  
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings :  
So he, although his worth just state might claim,  
And give to pride an honourable name,  
With courtesy to all, cloth'd virtue so,  
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.

In 's body too no critique eye could find  
 The smallest blemish, to belie his mind ;  
 He was all pureness, and his outward part  
 But represents the picture of his heart.  
 When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat  
 The hungry worm of its expected meat ;  
 When gems, pluck'd from the shore by ruder hands,  
 Return'd again unto their native sands ;  
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey  
 Could equal what this brook hath stolen away.  
 Weep then, sad Flood ; and, though thou'rt inno-  
     cent,  
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument :  
 And, when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,  
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

---

A

## TRANSLATION OF VERSES

### UPON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

WRITTEN IN LATIN BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DR. A.

#### AVE MARIA.

ONCE thou rejoic'd'st, and rejoice for ever,  
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never :  
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,  
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.  
 You brought the word of joy, in which was born  
 An hail to all ! let us an hail return !  
 From you " God save " into the world there came ;  
 Our echo hail is but an empty name.

#### GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,  
 From divers flowers by chymic bees distill'd !

How full the collet with his jewel is,  
 Which, that it cannot take by love, doth kiss :  
 How full the Moon is with her brother's ray,  
 When she drinks-up with thirsty orb the day !  
 How full of grace the Graces' dances are !  
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.  
 It is no wonder if with Graces she  
 Be full, who was full of the Deity.

## DOMINUS TECUM.

THE fall of mankind under Death's extent  
 The quire of blessed angels did lament,  
 And wish'd a reparation to see  
 By him, who manhood join'd with deity.  
 How grateful should man's safety then appear  
 To' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer !

## BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

DEATH came, and troops of sad Diseases led  
 To the' Earth, by woman's hand solicited :  
 Life came so too, and troops of Graces led  
 To the' Earth, by woman's faith solicited.  
 As our life's springs came from thy blessed womb,  
 So from our mouth springs of thy praise shall come :  
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she,  
 Above all women, should thrice blessed be.

## ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

WITH mouth divine the Father doth protest,  
 He a good word sent from his stored breast ;  
 'Twas Christ: which Mary, without carnal thought,  
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought :  
 The word of blessing a just cause affords  
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words !



## SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when soft west-winds strook the garden-rose,  
A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose ;  
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power  
Unlocks the virgin-bosom of the flower :  
So the Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,  
And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd :  
Yet loosed not thine eternal chastity ;  
Thy rose's folds do still entangled lie.  
Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,  
So from unbruised bark the odours come.

## ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

GOD his great Son begot ere time begun ;  
Mary in time brought forth her little son,  
Of double substance One ; life he began,  
God without mother, without father, man.  
Great is the birth ; and 'tis a stranger deed  
That she no man, than God no wife, should need ;  
A shade delighted the child-bearing maid,  
And God himself became to her a shade.  
O strange descent ! who is light's author, he  
Will to his creature thus a shadow be.  
As unseen light did from the Father flow,  
So did seen light from Virgin Mary grow.  
When Moses sought God in a shade to see,  
The father's shade was Christ the Deity.  
Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight  
In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

## ODE I.

## ON THE PRAISE OF POETRY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,  
 Though high as our ambition ;  
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can  
 Give life to the' ashes of a man ;  
 But verses only : they shall fresh appear,  
 Whilst there are men to read or hear.  
 When time shall make the lasting brass decay,  
 And eat the pyramid away ;  
 Turning that monument wherein men trust  
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust ;  
 Then shall the epitaph remain, and be  
 New-graven in eternity.  
 Poets by Death are conquer'd ; but the wit  
 Of poets triumph over it.  
 What cannot verse ? When Thracian Orpheus took  
 His lyre, and gently on it strook  
 The learned stones came dancing all along,  
 And kept time to the charming song.  
 With artificial pace the warlike pine,  
 The elm and his wife the ivy twine,  
 With all the better trees, which erst had stood  
 Unmoved, forsook their native wood.  
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,  
 Craving the honour of his brow ;  
 And every loving arm embraced, and made  
 With their officious leaves a shade.  
 The beasts too strove his auditors to be,  
 Forgetting their old tyranny.  
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,  
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.

Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,  
And Muses of the place, were there;  
Who, when their little windpipes they had found  
Unequal to so strange a sound,  
O'ercome by art and grief they did expire,  
And fell upon the conquering lyre.  
Happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,  
Mausolus! envied by thee!

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## ODE II.

THAT A PLEASANT POVERTY IS TO BE PREFERRED  
BEFORE DISCONTENTED RICHES.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,  
Though Neptune's treasure-house it be?  
Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,  
Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,  
Like other floods, poetical;  
They have no dance, no wanton sport,  
No gentle murmur, the loved shore to court.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,  
Nor can it feed the neighbouring wood;  
No flower or herb is near it found,  
But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

Give me a river which doth scorn to show  
An added beauty; whose clear brow  
May be my looking-glass to see  
What my face is, and what my mind should be!

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,  
And prattle to the smiling bank;  
Here sad king-fishers tell their tales,  
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming spring,  
On each side their embroidery bring ;  
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,  
And daffodils, to see themselves, delight.

Here a fresh arbour gives her amorous shade,  
Which Nature, the best gardener, made.  
Here I would sit and sing rude lays,  
Such as the nymphs and me myself should please.

Thus I would waste, thus end, my careless days  
And robin-red-breasts, whom men praise  
For pious birds, should, when I die,  
Make both my monument and elegy.

---

### ODE III.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,  
You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?  
Why do you fondly pin  
Pure linen o'er your skin,  
(Your skin that's whiter far  
Casting a dusky cloud before a star.

Why bears your neck a golden chain ?  
Did Nature make your hair in vain,  
Of gold most pure and fine ?  
With gems why do you shine !  
They, neighbours to your eyes,  
Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

I would have all my mistress' parts  
Owe more to Nature than to arts ;  
I would not woo the dress,  
Or one whose nights give less

Contentment than the day,  
She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,  
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort:  
If Jupiter down pour  
Himself, and in a shower  
Hide such bright majesty,  
Less than a golden one it cannot be.

---

### ODE IV.

ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF FORTUNE.

A TRANSLATION.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear  
From sighs your breast, and from black clouds  
your brow,  
When the Sun shines not with his wonted cheer,  
And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you!  
That sea which vex'd with Notus is,  
The merry East winds will to morrow kiss.

The Sun to-day rides drowsily,  
To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair:  
Laughter and groaning do alternately  
Return, and tears sport's nearest neighbours are.  
'Tis by the gods appointed so,  
That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

Who drove his oxen yesterday,  
Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,  
And on the Gabii and the Cures lay  
The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en:  
Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,  
The Morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

If Fortune knit amongst her play  
 But seriousness, he shall again go home  
 To his old country-farm of yesterday,  
 To scoffing people no mean jest become ;  
 And with the crowned axe, which he  
 Had ruled the world, go back and prune some tree ;  
 Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,  
 With his own fasces he shall make him fires.

---

### ODE V.

IN COMMENDATION OF THE TIME WE LIVE UNDER, THE  
 REIGN OF OUR GRACIOUS KING CHARLES.

CURST be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who  
 brought

Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught  
 Smiths (who before could only make  
 The spade, the plough-share, and the rake)  
 Arts, in most cruel wise  
 Man's life to' epitomize !

Then men (fond men, alas !) ride post to the' grave,  
 And cut those threads which yet the Fates would  
 Then Charon sweated at his trade, [save ;  
 And had a larger ferry made ;  
 Then, then the silver hair,  
 Frequent before, grew rare.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,  
 Begat black War ; then Avarice crept on ;  
 Then limits to each field were strain'd,  
 And Terminus a god-head gain'd,  
 To men before was found,  
 Besides the sea, no bound.

In what plain, or what river, hath not been  
War's story writ in blood (sad story !) seen ?

This truth too well our England knows :

'Twas civil slaughter dyed her rose ;

Nay, then her lily too

With blood's loss paler grew.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should  
feel,

Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel ;

He to our land blest Peace doth bring,

All neighbour countries envying.

Happy who did remain

Unborn till Charles' reign !

Where, dreaming chymics ! is your pain and cost ?

How is your oil, how is your labour lost !

Our Charles, blest alchymist ! (though strange,

Believe it, future times !) did change

The iron-age of old

Into an age of gold.

---

## ODE VI.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow ! how it cuts the air,

How it out-runs thy following eye !

Use all persuasions now, and try

If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.

That way it went ; but thou shalt find

No tract is left behind.

Fool ! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.

Of all the time thou'st shot away,

I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,

And it shall be too hard a task to do.

Besides repentance, what canst find  
That it hath left behind ?  
Our life is carried with too strong a tide ;  
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,  
And is the horse of all our years.  
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.  
We and our glass run out, and must  
Both render up our dust.  
But his past life who without grief can see ;  
Who never thinks his end too near,  
But says to Fame, " Thou art mine heir ;"  
That man extends life's natural brevity—  
This is, this is the only way  
To out-live Nestor in a day.

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## AN ANSWER

TO AN

## INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE.

NICHOLS, my better self ! forbear ;  
For, if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,  
The schoolboy's sin will light on me,  
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.  
Tell me not how you feed your mind  
With dainties of philosophy ;  
In Ovid's nut I shall not find  
The taste once pleased me.  
O tell me not of logic's diverse cheer !  
I shall begin to loathe our crambo here.  
Tell me not how the waves appear  
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire ;  
I shall condemn the troubled Thames  
On her chief holiday ; even when her streams



Are with rich folly gilded ; when  
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,  
Just like the bravery of the men,  
And graces with fresh paint that day ;  
When the' city shines with flags and pageants there,  
And satin doublets, seen not twice a year.

Why do I stay then ? I would meet  
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet ;  
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,  
But not till I deserve thy company :  
Till then, we'll scorn to let that toy,  
Some forty miles, divide our hearts :  
Write to me, and I shall enjoy  
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.  
Though envious Fortune larger hindrance brings,  
We'll easily see each other ; Love hath wings.

## Miscellanies.

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### THE MOTTO.

---

“ Tentanda via est, &c.”

---

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the age to come my own?  
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,  
Unless you write my elegy;  
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;  
Their mothers' labour, not their own.  
In this scale gold, in the' other fame does lie,  
The weight of that mounts this so high.  
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;  
Brought forth with their own fire and light:  
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,  
Out of myself it must be strook.  
Yet I must on; What sound is't strikes mine ear?  
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:  
It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can  
Raise up the buried man.  
Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,  
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.  
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay  
Nets of roses in the way!  
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,  
And all that is not above Fate!

Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!

Which intercepts my coming praise.

Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;

'Tis time that I were gone.

Welcome, great Stagyrte! and teach me now

All I was born to know:

Thy scholar's victories thou dost far outdo;

He conquer'd the' earth, the whole world, you.

Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose bless'd tongue and

Preserves Rome's greatness yet: [wit

Thou art the first of Orators; only he

Who best can praise thee, next must be.

Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!

Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;

Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,

And made that Art which was a Rage.

Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do!

To be like one of you?

But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit

On the calm flourishing head of it,

And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,

See us, and clouds, below.

## ODE.

### OF WIT.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,

Thou who master art of it?

For the first matter loves variety less;

Less women love't, either in love or dress.

A thousand different shapes it bears,

Comely in thousand shapes appears.

Yonder we saw it plain; and here 't is now,

Like spirits, in a place we know not how.

London, that vents of false ware so much store,  
In no ware deceives us more ;  
For men, led by the colour and the shape,  
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.  
Some things do through our judgment pass  
As through a multiplying-glass ;  
And sometimes, if the object be too far,  
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a Wit, that greatest word of fame,  
Grows such a common name ;  
And Wits by our creation they become,  
Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.  
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest  
Admired with laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain ;  
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet  
With their five gouty feet.  
All, every-where, like man's, must be the soul,  
And Reason the inferior powers control.  
Such were the numbers which could call  
The stones into the Theban wall.  
Such miracles are ceased ; and now we see  
No towns or houses raised by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part ;  
That shows more cost than art.  
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;  
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.  
Several lights will not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' the' sky,  
If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise  
    (Jests for Dutch men and English boys);  
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see  
In anagrams and acrostick poetry :  
    Much less can that have any place  
    At which a virgin hides her face ;  
Such dross the fire must purge away : 'tis just  
The author blush there, where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage  
    When Bajazet begins to rage ;  
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way ;  
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca ;  
    Nor upon all things to obtrude  
    And force some odd similitude.  
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,  
We only can by negatives define ?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,  
    Yet all things there agree ;  
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,  
All creatures dwell'd ; all creatures that had life :  
    Or, as the primitive forms of all  
    (If we compare great things with small)  
Which, without discord or confusion, lie  
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,  
    Makes me forget, and injure you :  
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought  
That you in any thing were to be taught.  
    Correct my error with thy pen ;  
    And, if any ask me then  
What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,  
I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE  
LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION  
AGAINST THE SCOTS.

GREAT is thy charge, O North ! be wise and just,  
 England commits her Falkland to thy trust ;  
 Return him safe ; Learning would rather choose  
 Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose :  
 All things that are but writ or printed there,  
 In his unbounded breast engraven are.  
 There all the sciences together meet,  
 And every art does all her kindred greet,  
 Yet justle not, nor quarrel ; but as well  
 Agree as in some common principle.  
 So, in an army govern'd right, we see  
 (Though out of several countries raised it be)  
 That all their order and their place maintain,  
 The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the Dane ;  
 So thousand divers species fill the air,  
 Yet neither crowd nor mix confusedly there ;  
 Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,  
 Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate  
 Thrust into the' noise and business of a state.  
 All virtues, and some customs of the court,  
 Other men's labour, are at least his sport ;  
 Whilst we, who can no action undertake,  
 Whom idleness itself might learned make ;  
 Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,  
 Whether the Scots in England be or no ;  
 Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,  
 Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.

'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,  
And her estate of wit on one bestow ;  
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best  
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.  
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit  
To question a monopoly of wit ?

Such is the man whom we require the same  
We lent the North ; untouch'd, as is his fame.  
He is too good for war, and ought to be  
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.  
Those men alone (and those are useful too)  
Whose valour is the only art they know,  
Were for sad war and bloody battles born ;  
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

---

## ON THE DEATH OF

## SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he  
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be ?  
Who had so many languages in store,  
That only fame shall speak of him in more ;  
Whom England now no more return'd must see ;  
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.  
On earth he travell'd often ; not to say  
He had been abroad, or pass loose time away.  
In whatsoever land he chanced to come,  
He read the men and manners, bringing home  
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,  
As if he went to conquer, not to see.  
So well he understood the most and best  
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the West ;

Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)  
Not only lived, but been born every-where.  
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,  
Who for the world was made, not us alone ;  
Nor ought the language of that man be less,  
Who in his breast had all things to express.  
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate  
For not allowing life a longer date :  
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,  
He found them not so large as was his mind ;  
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan  
Because that art had no more worlds than one ;  
And, when he saw that he through all had past,  
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

HENCE, and make room for me, all you who come  
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb !  
Here lies the master of my tender years,  
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears ;  
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear ;  
All weeping was reserved to spend it here.  
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,  
And mourn with me : he was your tutor too.  
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew  
His native Belgia what she's now to do.  
The league of grief bids her with us lament ;  
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent  
In payment of all men we there had lost,  
And all the English blood those wars have cost.



Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide ;  
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride  
Of England ; and, to' avoid the envious strife  
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,  
But we in chief ; our country soon was grown  
A debtor more to him, than he to's own.  
He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,  
And built up men against the future times ;  
For deeds of age are in their causes then,  
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.  
Hence 't was a master, in those ancient days  
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,  
Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame ;  
Father itself was but a second name.  
He scorn'd the profit ; his instructions all  
Were, like the science, free and liberal.  
He deserved honours, but despised them too,  
As much as those who have them others do.  
He knew not that which compliment they call ;  
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.  
So true, so faithful, and so just, as he  
Was nought on earth but his own memory ;  
His memory, where all things written were,  
As sure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.  
Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,  
Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd :  
And, having purchased all that man can know,  
He labour'd with 't to enrich others now ;  
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,  
Like those that work in mines for others' gain :  
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,  
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.  
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,  
Much better had his diligence been less ;

But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,  
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see  
That none could a more grateful scholar have;  
For what I owed his life I'll pay his grave.

---

## ON HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN

### OUT OF SCOTLAND.

WELCOME, great Sir! with all the joy that's due  
To the return of peace and you;  
Two greatest blessings which this age can know  
For that to Thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.

Others by war their conquests gain,  
You like a God your ends obtain;  
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,  
Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,  
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it:  
No mothers here lament their children's fate,  
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.

No widows hear the jocund bells,  
And take them for their husbands' knells:  
No drop of blood is spill'd, which might be said  
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous thing,  
And only work 't by such a king.

Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,  
And fear no harm but from the weather now;

Again may tradesmen love their pain,  
By knowing now for whom they gain;  
The armour now may be hung up to sight,  
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow  
Bay to the conqueror's brow :  
At such a game what fool would venture in,  
Where one must lose, yet neither side can win ?  
How justly would our neighbours smile  
At these mad quarrels of our isle ;  
Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,  
Whilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play !

How was the silver Tine frightened before,  
And durst not kiss the armed shore !  
His waters ran more swiftly than they use,  
And hasted to the sea to tell the news :  
The sea itself, how rough soe'er,  
Could scarce believe such fury here.  
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown ?  
That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

No blood so loud as that of civil war :  
It calls for dangers from afar.  
Let's rather go and seek out them and fame ;  
Thus our forefathers got, thus left, a name :  
All their rich blood was spent with gains,  
But that which swells their children's veins.  
Why sit we still, our spirits wrapp'd in lead ?  
Not like them whilst they lived, but now they're  
dead.

The noise at home was but Fate's policy,  
To raise our spirits more high :  
So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,  
Lashes his sides and roars, and then away.  
How would the German Eagle fear  
To see a new Gustavus there !  
How would it shake, though as't was wont to do  
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too !

Sure there are actions of this height and praise  
Destined to Charles's days!

What will the triumphs of his battles be,  
Whose very peace itself is victory!

When Heaven bestows the best of kings,  
It bids us think of mighty things :  
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less ;  
And we, the prophets' sons, write not by guess.

---

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYKE is dead ; but what bold Muse shall dare  
(Though poets in that word with painters share)  
To' express her sadness ? Poesy must become  
An art like painting here, an art that's dumb.  
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,  
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,  
Or those who saw't ; for none his works could view  
Unmoved with the same passions which he drew.  
His pieces so with their live objects strive,  
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.  
Nature herself, amazed, does doubting stand,  
Which is her own and which the painter's hand ;  
And does attempt the like with less success,  
When her own work in twins she would express.  
His all-resembling pencil did out-pass  
The mimic imagery of looking-glass.  
Nor was his life less perfect than his art,  
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.  
There was no false or fading colour there,  
The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.

Most other men, set next to him in view,  
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.  
Thus still he lived, till Heaven did for him call;  
Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all;  
Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,  
And could almost wish for his pencil there;  
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,  
Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,  
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,  
Scorns his own art, which we admire below.

Only his beauteous lady still he loves  
(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves);  
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,  
And thinks on her he left so like them here.  
And you, fair widow! who stay here alive,  
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve:  
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;  
Begin not now, bless'd pair! to disagree.  
No wonder death moved not his generous mind;  
You, and a new-born You, he left behind:  
Even Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,  
And let him end your picture with his life.

---

### PROMETHEUS ILL-PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,  
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!  
Draw him no more; lest, as he tortured stands,  
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.  
It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,  
If once again his liver thus should grow.  
Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;  
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now

## ODE.

HERE's to thee, Dick ; this whining love despise ;  
Pledge me, my friend ; and drink till thou be'st wise.

It sparkles brighter far than she :  
'Tis pure and right, without deceit ;  
And such no woman ere will be :  
No ; they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,  
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin ?

A thing so vile, and so short-lived,  
That Venus' joys, as well as she,  
With reason may be said to be  
From the neglected foam derived.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move ;  
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love ;

Could he a woman's heart have seen  
(But, oh ! no light does thither come),  
And view'd her perfectly within,  
When he lay shut up in her womb ?

Follies they have so numberless in store,  
That only he who loves them can have more.

Neither their sighs nor tears are true ;  
Those idly blow, these idly fall,  
Nothing like to ours at all :  
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again ; thy senseless sorrows drown ;  
Let the glass walk, till all things too go round !

Again, till these two lights be four ;  
No error here can dangerous prove :  
Thy passion, man, deceived thee more ;  
None double see like men in love.

## FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts us two,  
 What do our souls, I wonder, do?  
 Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,  
 Methinks at home they should not stay,  
 Content with dreams, but boldly fly  
 Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,  
 And mix, I know not how nor where!  
 Their friendly lights together twine,  
 Though we perceive 't not to be so!  
 Like loving stars, which oft combine,  
 Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,  
 If distance could their union end:  
 But Love itself does far advance  
 Above the power of time and space;  
 It scorns such outward circumstance,  
 His time's for ever, every-where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,  
 Lodged in each other's heart:  
 Miracles cease not yet in love.  
 When he his mighty power will try,  
 Absence itself does bounteous prove,  
 And strangely even our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship, and divine,  
 Like that which in Heaven's sun does shine:  
 He in the upper air and sky  
 Does no effects of heat bestow;  
 But, as his beams the farther fly,  
 He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,  
Like objects if they touch the eye.  
Less meritorious then is love ;  
For when we friends together see  
So much, so much both one do prove,  
That their love then seems but self-love to be.  
Each day think on me, and each day I shall  
For thee make hours canonical.  
By every wind that comes this way,  
Send me, at least, a sigh or two ;  
Such and so many I'll repay,  
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.  
A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon,  
To mock our separation.  
Alas ! ten thousand will not do :  
My heart will thus no longer stay ;  
No longer 'twill be kept from you,  
But knocks against the breast to get away.  
And, when no art affords me help or ease,  
I seek with verse my griefs to' appease ;  
Just as a bird, that flies about  
And beats itself against the cage,  
Finding at last no passage out,  
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

---

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TO THE  
BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE  
TOWER.

PARDON, my lord, that I am come so late  
To' express my joy for your return of fate !  
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive  
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve ;



My thoughts awhile, like you, imprison'd lay ;  
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay ;  
They hinder one another in the crowd,  
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.  
Should every man's officious gladness haste,  
And be afraid to show itself the last,  
The throng of gratulations now would be  
Another loss to you of liberty.  
When of your freedom men the news did hear,  
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every-where,  
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall ;  
As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.  
So eloquent Tully did from exile come ;  
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome ;  
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss ;  
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.  
Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,  
Should I compare any to him but you ;  
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense  
The consulship of wit and eloquence.  
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,  
Because the doom of exile was his fall ;  
For the whole world, without a native home,  
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.  
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,  
He who before out-did humanity ;  
Nor could his spirit-constant and steadfast prove,  
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.  
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,  
That it out-shone other men's happiness :  
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,  
As your high merits would have led it on,  
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then  
But for the happy—the least part of men.

Your very sufferings did so graceful show,  
 That some strait envy'd your affliction too ;  
 For a clear conscience and heroic mind  
 In ills their business and their glory find.  
 So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,  
 The faithful diamond keeps his native light,  
 And is obliged to darkness for a ray,  
 That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.  
 Your soul then most show'd her unconquer'd power,  
 Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.  
 Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more ;  
 She' has try'd her weakness and your strength be-  
     fore,  
 To' oppose him still, who once has conquer'd so,  
 Were now to be your rebel, not your foe ;  
 Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,  
 And rather be your friend than be your slave.

---



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### TO A LADY,

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be,  
 That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.  
     As all words in few letters live,  
     Thou to few words all sense dost give.  
     'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,  
     In such a little much to show ;  
     Who, all the good she did impart  
 To womankind, epitomized in you.  
 If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,  
 The turning years be well compared to a ring,  
     We'll write whate'er from you we hear ;  
     For that's the posy of the year.

This difference only will remain—  
That Time his former face does shew,  
Winding into himself again ;  
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis said that conjurers have an art found out  
To carry spirits confined in rings about :  
The wonder now will less appear,  
When we behold your magic here.  
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,  
And chain them with your mystic spells,  
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,  
Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles,  
dwells.

They who above do various circles find,  
Say, like a ring the' Equator heaven does bind.  
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee  
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be),  
'Tis thou must write the posy there ;  
For it wanteth one as yet,  
Though the sun pass through 't twice a year ;  
The sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,  
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.  
Let other rings, with jewels bright,  
Cast around their costly light ;  
Let them want no noble stone,  
By nature rich and art refined ;  
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,  
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

## PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN :

### BEFORE THE PRINCE.

WHO says the times do learning disallow ?  
 'Tis false ; 'twas never honour'd so as now.  
 When you appear, great Prince ! our night is done ;  
 You are our morning-star, and shall be' our sun.  
 But our scene's London now ; and by the rout  
 We perish, if the Round-heads be about :  
 For now no ornament the head must wear,  
 No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.  
 How can a play pass safely, when ye know  
 Cheapside-cross falls for making but a show ?  
 Our only hope is this, that it may be  
 A play may pass too, made extempore.  
 Though other arts poor and neglected grow,  
 They'll admit Poesy, which was always so.  
 But we condemn the fury of these days,  
 And scorn no less their censure than their praise :  
 Our Muse, bless'd Prince ! does only' on you rely ;  
 Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.  
 Accept your hasty zeal ! a thing that's play'd  
 Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.  
 Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show ;  
 I would all ignorant people would do so !  
 At other times expect our wit or art ;  
 This comedy is acted by the heart.

---

### THE EPILOGUE.

THE play, great Sir ! is done ; yet needs must fear,  
 Though you brought all your father's mercies here,  
 It may offend your Highness ; and we 'ave now  
 Three hours done treason here, for aught we know.

But power your grace can above Nature give,  
 It can give power to make abortives live;  
 In which, if our bold wishes should be cross'd,  
 'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:  
 Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,  
 Scarce could it die more quickly than 'twas born.

---

ON THE DEATH OF  
 MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

---

“ Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.”

MART.

---

It was a dismal and a fearful night, [light,  
 Scarce could the morn drive on the' unwilling  
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,  
 By something liker death possess'd.  
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,  
 And on my soul hung the dull weight  
 Of some intolerable fate.  
 What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,  
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,  
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?  
 O, thou hast left me all alone!  
 Thy soul and body, when Death's agony  
 Besieged around thy noble heart,  
 Did not with more reluctance part,  
 Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.  
 My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!  
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.

Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,  
If once my griefs prove tedious too.  
Silent and sad I walk about all day,  
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by  
Where their hid treasures lie;  
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;  
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;  
Nor did we envy the most sounding name  
By friendship given of old to fame.  
None but his brethren he and sisters knew,  
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;  
And even in that we did agree,  
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,  
How oft unweary'd have we spent the nights,  
Till the Ledæan stars, so famed for love,  
Wonder'd at us from above!  
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;  
But search of deep Philosophy,  
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say  
Have ye not seen us walking every day?  
Was there a tree about which did not know  
The love betwixt us two?  
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;  
Or your sad branches thicker join,  
And into darksome shades combine,  
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,  
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;

No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,  
And call the learned youths to hear ;  
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly :  
But all, with sad solemnity,  
Mute and unmoved be,  
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,  
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain :  
He loved my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,  
Would find out something to commend.  
Hence now, my Muse ! thou canst not me delight  
Be this my latest verse,  
With which I now adorn his hearse ;  
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,  
I should condemn that flourishing honour now ;  
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear  
It rage and crackle there.  
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me ;  
Cypress, which tombs does beautify :  
Not Phœbus grieved, so much as I,  
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er  
Submitted to inform a body here ;  
High as the place 'twas shortly' in heaven to have,  
But low and humble as his grave :  
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,  
As to their chiefest seat  
Conspicuous and great ;  
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all  
That we, mistaken mortals ! pleasure call ;

Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,  
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.  
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,  
That shine with beams like flame,  
Yet burn not with the same,  
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought :  
Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie  
I such a short mortality.

Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,  
Still did the notions throng  
About his eloquent tongue,  
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,  
As all things but his judgment overcame ;  
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,  
Tempering that mighty sea below.  
Oh ! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound  
Would have been able to control  
His overpowering soul !  
We've lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,  
Yet never did his God or friends forget ;  
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view  
Retired, and gave to them their due :  
For the rich help of books he always took,  
Though his own searching mind before  
Was so with notions written o'er  
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we  
Can scarce pick here and there in history ;



More than old writers' practice e'er could reach ;  
As much as they could ever teach.  
These did Religion, queen of virtues ! sway ;  
And all their sacred motions steer,  
Just like the first and highest sphere,  
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.  
With as much zeal, devotion, piety,  
He always lived, as other saints do die.  
Still with his soul severe account he kept,  
Weeping all debts out ere he slept :  
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,  
Like the sun's laborious light,  
Which still in water sets at night,  
Unsullied with his journey of the day.  
Wondrous young man ! why wert thou made so  
good,  
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood ?  
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen !  
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green !  
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell ;  
But danger and infectious death  
Maliciously seized on that breath  
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always used to dwell.  
But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,  
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage !  
A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,  
The place now only free from those.  
There 'mong the bless'd thou dost for ever shine,  
And, wheresoe'er thou cast'st thy view,  
Upon that white and radiant crew,  
See'st not a soul clothed with more light than thine.  
And, if the glorious saints cease not to know  
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,

Thy flame to me does still the same abide,  
 Only more pure and rarefy'd.  
 There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,  
 Thou dost with holy pity see  
 Our dull and earthly poesy,  
 Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

---

## ODE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ  
 Perfusus, &c.* Lib. i. Od. 5.

---

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?  
 To what heart-ravish'd lover  
 Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,  
 Thy hidden sweets discover,  
 And with large bounty open set  
 All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?  
 Ah, simple youth! how oft will he  
 Of thy changed faith complain!  
 And his own fortunes find to be  
 So airy and so vain,  
 Of so cameleon-like an hue,  
 That still their colour changes with it too!  
 How oft, alas! will he admire  
 The blackness of the skies!  
 Trembling to hear the wind sound higher,  
 And see the billows rise!  
 Poor unexperienced he,  
 Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

He' enjoys thy calmy sun-shine now,  
 And no breath stirring hears ;  
 In the clear heaven of thy brow  
 No smallest cloud appears.  
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,  
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,  
 To' whom thou ntry'd dost shine !  
 But there's no danger now for me,  
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,  
 In witness of the shipwreck past,  
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

---



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IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM,

*Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis, &c. L. v. Ep. 21.*

---

IF, dearest friend, it my good fate might be  
 To' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee ;  
 If we for happiness could leisure find,  
 And wandering time into a method bind ;  
 We should not sure the great-men's favour need,  
 Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed ;  
 We should not patience find daily to hear  
 The calumnies and flatteries spoken there ;  
 We should not the lords' tables humbly use,  
 Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news ;  
 But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,  
 And all the joys that unmix'd Nature yields ;  
 Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,  
 Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply ;

Sleep, not controll'd by cares, confined to night,  
Or bound in any rule but appetite ;  
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,  
Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth ;  
A few companions, which ourselves should choose,  
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse ;  
Such, dearest friend ! such, without doubt, should be  
Our place, our business, and our company.  
Now to himself, alas ! does neither live ;  
But sees good suns, of which we are to give  
A strict account, set and march thick away :  
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay ?

---

## THE CHRONICLE.

## A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possess'd,  
If I remember well, my breast,  
Margarita first of all ;  
But when awhile the wanton maid  
With my restless heart had play'd,  
Martha took the flying ball.  
Martha soon did it resign  
To the beauteous Catharine.  
Beauteous Catharine gave place  
(Though loth and angry she to part  
With the possession of my heart)  
To Eliza's conquering face.  
Eliza till this hour might reign,  
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.  
Fundamental laws she broke,  
And still new favourites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began ;  
Alternately they sway'd ;  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I' obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose ;  
A mighty tyrant she !  
Long, alas ! should I have been  
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'Twas then a golden time with me :  
But soon those pleasures fled ;  
For the gracious princess died,  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,  
Judith held the sovereign power :  
Wondrous beautiful her face !  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Arm'd with a resistless flame,  
And the' artillery of her eye ;  
Whilst she proudly march'd about,  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd  
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid ;  
To whom ensued a vacancy :  
Thousand worse passions than possess'd  
The interregnum of my breast ;  
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary, next began ;  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Catharine,  
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate,  
The strength and riches of their state ;  
The powder, patches, and the pins,  
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,  
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
That make up all their magazines ;

If I should tell the politic arts  
To take and keep men's hearts ;  
The letters, embassies, and spies,  
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries  
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries !)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,  
By Machiavel the waiting-maid ;  
I more voluminous should grow  
(Chiefly if I like them should tell  
All change of weathers that befell)  
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with me.  
An higher and a nobler strain  
My present Emperess does claim,  
Heleonora, first o' the' name;  
Whom God grant long to reign !

---

TO

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED  
BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

METHINKS heroic poesy till now,  
Like some fantastic fairy-land did show ;  
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,  
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.  
Thou, like some worthy knight with sacred arms,  
Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms ;  
Instead of those dost men and manners plant,  
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.  
Yet even thy Mortals do their Gods excel,  
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,  
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall ;  
So much more thanks from humankind does merit  
The Poet's fury than the Zealot's spirit :  
And from the grave thou makest this empire rise,  
Not like some dreadful ghost, to' affright our eyes,  
But with more lustre and triumphant state,  
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.  
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,  
And raise him up much better, yet the same :  
So God-like poets do past things rehearse,  
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.

With shame, methinks, great Italy must see  
 Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee :  
 Raised by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome  
 May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.  
 Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,  
 And think all ill but that which Rome does give ;  
 The marks of Old and Catholic would find ;  
 To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.  
 Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,  
 And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.  
 Since time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
 This latter age should see all new but wit ;  
 Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,  
 And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.  
 Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse  
 Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse ;  
 And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,  
 If thou canst plant but there with like success.

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## AN ANSWER

TO A

COPY OF VERSES SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a northern people (whom the sun  
 Uses just as the Romish church has done  
 Her profane laity, and does assign  
 Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)  
 A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives ;  
 Such comfort to us here your letter gives,  
 Fraught with brisk racy verses ; in which we  
 The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and  
 see :

Such is your present to us ; for you must know,  
 Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,



No more than sack : one lately did not fear  
 (Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here ;  
 But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-  
 Rhymes, as even set the hearers' ears on edge :  
 Written by ————— Esquire, the  
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.  
 Brave Jersey Muse ! and he's for this high style  
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.  
 Alas ! to men here no words less hard be  
 To rhyme with, than Mount Orgueil<sup>1</sup> is to me ;  
 Mount Orgueil ! which, in scorn o' the' Muses law,  
 With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.  
 Stubborn Mount Orgueil ! 'tis a work to make it  
 Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.  
 Alas ! to bring your tropes and figures here,  
 Strange as to bring camels and elephants were ;  
 And metaphor is so unknown a thing,  
 'Twould need the preface of " God save the King."  
 Yet this I'll say, for the' honour of the place,  
 That, by God's extraordinary grace  
 (Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)  
 The land is undefiled with Clinches yet ;  
 Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,  
 Is a most singular blessing, and no less  
 Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far  
 From the' actual sin of bombast too they are,  
 (That other crying sin o' the' English Muse)  
 That even Satan himself can accuse  
 None here (no not so much as the divines)  
 For the' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.  
 Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear  
 Verse, who (a devil) should import it here ?  
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing  
 As who did first wild beasts into' islands bring ;

<sup>1</sup> The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Unless you think that it might taken be  
 As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea :  
 But that's a fortune falls not every day ;  
 'Tis true Green was made by it ; for they say  
 The parliament did a noble bounty do,  
 And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and  
 fifteens too.

---

## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

### THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

#### AGAINST THE DOGMATISTS.

THE sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew ;  
 The Phoenix truth did on it rest,  
 And built his perfumed nest ; [shew.  
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic  
 Each leaf did learned notions give,  
 And the' apples were demonstrative ;  
 So clear their colour and divine,  
 The very shade they cast did other lights outshine.  
 "Taste not," said God ; "'tis mine and angels' meat ;  
 A certain death doth sit,  
 Like an ill worm, i' the' core of it.  
 Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know and eat."  
 Thus spoke God, yet man did go  
 Ignorantly on to know ;  
 Grew so more blind, and she [he.  
 Who tempted him to this, grew yet more blind than  
 The only science man by this did get,  
 Was but to know he nothing knew :  
 He strait his nakedness did view,  
 His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it.

Yet searches probabilities,  
And rhetoric, and fallacies,  
And seeks by useless pride,  
With slight and withering leaves that nakedness  
to hide.

“Henceforth,” said God, “the wretched sons of  
Shall sweat for food in vain, [earth  
That will not long sustain ;  
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive  
That serpent too, their pride, [birth.  
Which aims at things deny’d ;  
That learn’d and eloquent lust ;  
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the  
dust.”

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## REASON,

### THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may  
Be led by others a right way ;  
They build on sands, which if unmoved they find,  
'Tis but because there was no wind.  
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know  
If our forefathers err'd or no.  
When we trust men concerning God, we then  
Trust not God concerning men.  
Visions and inspirations some expect  
Their course here to direct ;  
Like senseless chemists their own wealth destroy,  
Imaginary gold to' enjoy :  
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,  
And gild the passage as they fly ;

But when they fall, and meet the' opposing ground,  
What but a sordid slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,  
And fast, that they may dream of meat;  
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,  
And bastard forms obtrude:  
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although  
She Saul through his disguise did know,  
Yet, when the devil comes up disguised, she cries,  
"Behold! the Gods arise."

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;  
Reason within 's our only guide;  
Reason, which (God be praised!) still walks, for all  
Its old original fall:  
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd  
With a reasonable mind,  
It plainly shows that mysteries divine  
May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine  
With thousand lights of truth divine:  
So numberless the stars, that to the eye  
It makes but all one galaxy.  
Yet Reason must assist too; for, in seas  
So vast and dangerous as these,  
Our course by stars above we cannot know,  
Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries  
It sees that there and such they be; [see,  
Leads to heaven's door, and there does humbly  
keep,  
And there through chinks and key-holes peep:



Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,  
 And paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?  
 Wanton as girls, as old wives, fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
 The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain  
 That her eternal verse employ'd should be  
 On a less subject than eternity;  
 And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,  
 But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse  
 That (in a kind) her miracle did do; [to make.  
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.

How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive thy  
 death<sup>2</sup>,

And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
 In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine  
 And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!  
 Where, like some holy sacrifice, to' expire,  
 A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.  
 Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there,  
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:  
 'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,  
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my mother-church! if I consent  
 That angels led him when from thee he went;  
 For even in error sure no danger is,  
 When join'd with so much piety as his.  
 Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't, and grief,  
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!  
 And our weak reason were even weaker yet,  
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
 Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was 'in the right;  
 And I myself a Catholic will be,  
 So far at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.  
 Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow  
 On us, the poets militant below!  
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse Chance,  
 Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;  
 Enchain'd by Beauty, tortured by Desires,  
 Exposed by Tyrant-Love to savage beasts and fires.  
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,  
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.  
 Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,  
 More fit thy greatness and my littleness)  
 Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove  
 So humble to esteem, so good to love)  
 Not that thy spirit might on me double be,  
 I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:  
 And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
 'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

## A

POEM ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR<sup>3</sup>.

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER, 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manu-  
 script, and being informed that it was a piece of  
 the incomparable Mr. A. C.'s, I thought it unjust

<sup>3</sup> This and the two following poems are not given with  
 certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him;  
 are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this  
 collection.

to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works<sup>4</sup>, makes mention of some poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionable a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judicious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

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WHAT rage does England from itself divide,  
More than the seas from all the world beside?  
From every part the roaring cannons play,  
From every part blood roars as loud as they.  
What English ground but still some moisture bears,  
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?  
What air's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,  
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?  
Alas! what triumphs can this victory show,  
That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!

<sup>4</sup> See p. 74 of this volume.



How can we wish that conquest, which bestows  
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows ?  
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,  
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.  
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,  
Nor did his glory set but with the Sun.  
In vain did Roderic to his hold retreat,  
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great ;  
Ireland ! which now most basely we begin  
To labour more to lose than he to win.  
It was not so when in the happy East,  
Richard, our Mars, Venus's Isle possess'd :  
'Gainst the proud Moon, he the' English cross  
display'd,  
Eclipsed one horn, and the' other paler made ;  
When our dear lives we ventured bravely there,  
And digged our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.  
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,  
We should with as much zeal fight to destroy !  
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,  
And see his cross worse than his body torn ;  
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,  
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.  
To what with worship the fond papist falls,  
That the fond zealot a cursed idol calls :  
So 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,  
One makes false devils, t'other makes false gods.  
It was not so when Edward proved his cause,  
By a sword stronger than the salique laws,  
Though fetch'd from Pharamond ; when the  
French did fight,  
With women's hearts, against the women's right.  
The' afflicted ocean his first conquest bore,  
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore :

As if he 'ad angry with that element been,  
Which his wide soul bound with an island in.  
Where's now that spirit with which at Cressy we,  
And Poitiers, forced from Fate a victory ?  
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,  
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome !  
Two foreign kings : but now, alas ! we strive,  
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive !

It was not so when Agincourt was won ;  
Under great Henry served the Rain and Sun :  
A nobler fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,  
Not when he stopp'd his course a fight to view !  
Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,  
And learn'd to shoot more sure from the' English  
bow ;

Then France was her own story sadly taught,  
And felt how Cæsar and how Edward fought.

It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain  
Lay torn and scattered on the English main ;  
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook ;  
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she  
shook !

To her great Neptune homaged all his streams,  
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.  
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,  
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead ;  
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæsar too,  
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.  
We're not their offspring ; sure our heralds lie ;  
But born we know not how, as now we die ;  
Their precious blood we could not venture thus :  
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpents' teeth for us ;  
We could not else by mutual fury fall,  
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call :

Choose war or peace, you have a prince, you know,  
As fit for both, as both are fit for you ;  
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,  
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.

Have you forgot those happy years of late,  
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate ;  
Such years, as if Earth's youth return'd had been,  
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin ?  
As gloriously and gently did they move,  
As the bright Sun that measures them above ;  
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,  
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.  
Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,  
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd ;  
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,  
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace ;  
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less  
Than sixteen years we endured our happiness ;  
Till in a moment, in the North, we find  
A tempest conjured up without a wind.  
As soon the North her kindness did repent ;  
First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.  
Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot  
On which side dwell'd the English, which the Scot,  
Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,  
Whilst all the' affrighted fish sank down apace.  
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,  
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now !  
For Jove, who might have used his thundering  
Chose to fall calmly in a golden shower ! [power,  
A way we found to conquer, which by none  
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known ;  
So strangely prodigal of late we are,  
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.

How could a war so sad and barbarous please,  
But first by slandering those bless'd days of peace?  
Through all the excrements of state they pry,  
Like empirics, to find out a malady ;  
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,  
The' ague to cure by bringing in a fever :  
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt ;  
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.  
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,  
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed !  
And cowardice did valour's place supply,  
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die !  
What frantic diligence in these men appears,  
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears !  
Thus into war we scared ourselves ; and who  
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew ?  
Fond men ! who knew not that they were to keep  
For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep !  
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,  
And learn to kill, as well as bury, now :  
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,  
Sweated with dread of too much company ;  
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,  
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud  
them there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,  
To be restored to them from whom they came :  
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,  
Alas ; they allow set forms of prayer to men.  
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear  
Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.  
They will be heard, and, in injustice wise,  
The many-headed rout for justice cries ;  
They call for blood, which now I fear does call  
For blood again, much louder than they all.

In senseless clamours, and confused noise,  
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice ;  
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd  
In the Bistonian women's mixen sound,  
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,  
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there.  
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down ;  
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.  
Then first a state, without a church, begun ;  
Comfort thyself, dear Church ! for then 'twas done.  
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove ;  
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move :  
The same drove Charles into the North, and then  
Would readilier far have driven him back again.  
To fly from noise of tumults is no shame ;  
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same ;  
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,  
He's a large prisoner in all England made !  
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore ;  
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them  
more ;

He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,  
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.  
The sea they subject next to their command ;  
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land.  
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and scorn,  
As poor as these, now mighty men, were born ;  
When straight whole armies meet in Charles's right ;  
A man would swear, that saw this altered state,  
Kings were call'd gods because they could create  
Vain men ; 'tis Heaven this first assistance brings,  
The same is Lord of Hosts that's King of Kings.  
Had men forsook him, angels from above  
(The' Assyrian did less their justice move)

Would all have muster'd in his righteous aid,  
And thunder'gainst your cannon would have play'd.  
It needs not so, for man desires to right  
Abused mankind, and wretches you must fight.

Wor'ster first saw 't, and trembled at the view;  
Too well the ills of civil war she knew.  
Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,  
Twice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid.  
Here first the rebel winds began to roar,  
Brake loose from the just fetters which they bore;  
Here mutinous waves above their shore did swell,  
And the first storm of that dire winter fell.  
But when the two great brethren once appear'd,  
And their bright heads, like Leda's offspring, rear'd;  
When those sea-calming sons from Jove were spied,  
The winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!  
How fought great Rupert, with what rage and skill!  
Enough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill!  
Comely young man! and yet his dreadful sight  
The rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.  
In vain, alas! it seeks so weak defence;  
For his keen sword brings it again from thence.  
Yet grieves he at the laurels thence he bore;  
Alas, poor prince! they'll fight with him no more;  
His virtue 'll be eclipsed with too much fame,  
Henceforth he will not conquer, but his name.  
Here — with tainted blood the field did stain,  
By his own sacrilege, and 's country's curses, slain.  
The first commander did Heaven's vengeance show,  
And led the rebels' van to shades below.

On two fair hills both armies next are seen,  
The' affrighted valley sighs and sweats between;  
Here angels did with fair expectance stay,  
And wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;

There fiends with hunger waiting did abide,  
And cursed both, but spurred on the' guilty side.  
Here stood Religion, her looks gently sage,  
Aged, but much more comely for her age!  
There Schism, old hag, though seeming young,  
appears,  
As snakes by casting skins renew their years;  
Undecent rags of several dyes she wore,  
And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.  
Here Loyalty an humble cross display'd, [pray'd.  
And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd and  
Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,  
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her heads:  
Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,  
And every serpent at each other hiss'd. [bless,  
Here stood white Truth, and her own host does  
Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;  
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,  
And lies flew thick, like cannons' smoky cloud,  
Here Learning and the' Arts met; as much they  
fear'd  
As when the Huns of old and Goths appear'd.  
What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight,  
They promised noble pens the acts to write.  
There Ignorance advanced, and joy'd to spy  
So many that durst fight they knew not why;  
From those who most the slow-soul'd monks dis-  
dain,  
From those she hopes the monks' dull age again.  
Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,  
Never, alas! had she her Charles forsook!  
For mercy on her friends to Heaven she cries,  
While Justice pulls down vengeance from the skies.  
Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, stood,  
Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood:

A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,  
And thrice the ghost of mighty Strafford groan'd.

Now flew their cannon thick through wounded air,  
Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.  
More than he them, the bullets fear'd his head,  
And at his feet lay innocently dead ;      [meant,  
They knew not what those men that sent them  
And acted their pretence, not their intent.

This was the day, this the first day, that show'd  
How much to Charles for our long peace we owed :  
By this skill here, and spirit, we understood,  
From war nought kept him but his country's good.  
In his great looks what cheerful anger shone !  
Sad war, and joyful triumphs, mix'd in one.  
In the same beams of his majestic eye,  
His own men life, his foes did death, espy.  
Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,  
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their heads.  
They charge, as if alone they'd beat the foe,  
Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.  
They follow close, and haste into the fight,  
As swift as straight the rebels make their flight.  
So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear  
And jealousy they framed had met them there.  
They heard war's music, and away they flew,  
The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.  
Their souls, which still new by-ways do invent,  
Out at their wounded backs perversely went.  
Pursue no more ; ye noble victors, stay,  
Lest too much conquest lose so brave a day !  
For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate  
Will not give all ; but sets us here a rate :  
Too dear a rate she sets ; and we must pay  
One honest man for ten such knaves as they.



Streams of black tainted blood the field besmear,  
But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there;  
They scorn to mix with floods of baser veins,  
Just as the nobler moisture oil disdains.  
Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,  
Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie :  
More honourably than — e'er was found,  
With troops of living traitors circled round.  
Rest, valiant souls, in peace ! ye sacred pair,  
And all whose deaths attended on you there,  
You're kindly welcomed to Heaven's peaceful  
By all the reverend martyrs' noble host : [coast,  
Your soaring souls they meet with triumph, all  
Led by great Stephen, their old general.  
Go, —, now prefer thy flourishing state  
Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate ;  
Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,  
And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave.  
Thus many saved themselves, and night the rest,  
Night, that agrees with their dark actions best.  
A dismal shade did Heaven's sad face o'erflow,  
Dark as the night slain rebels found below :  
No gentle stars their cheerful glories rear'd,  
Ashamed they were at what was done, and fear'd  
Lest wicked men their bold excuse should frame  
From some strange influence, and so veil their  
To Duty thus, Order and Law incline, [shame.  
They who ne'er err from one eternal line ;  
As just the ruin of these men they thought,  
As Sisera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had  
fought,  
Still they rebellion's ends remember well,  
Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain, fell.

For this the bells they ring, and not in vain ;  
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain :  
For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,  
When funeral flames might more befit their dead :  
For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,  
And, whilst they feel it, mock the 'Almighty's rod ;  
They proudly now abuse his justice more,  
Than his long mercies they abused before.  
Yet these the men that true religion boast,  
The pure and holy, holy, holy, host !  
What great reward for so much zeal is given ?  
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they  
thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou, Brentford, say, thou ancient town,  
How many in thy streets fell groveling down :  
Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,  
And dyed anew into the name they bore :  
Witness their men blow'd up into the air  
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share);  
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,  
Then, drown'd in waves, they're tost by waves to  
shore :

Witness thou, Thames, thou wast amazed to see  
Men madly run to save themselves in thee ;  
In vain, for rebels' lives thou wouldst not save,  
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.  
Good, reverend Thames ! the best-beloved of all  
Those noble blood that meet at Neptune's hall ;  
London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,  
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.  
Thou grieveest to see the white named palace shine,  
Without the beams of its own lord and thine :  
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,  
As thou, kind flood ! to thine own banks canst be.

How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear  
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster !  
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay  
Eternal tribute to thy prince, the Sea.

To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,  
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.

Here Learning with some state and reverence looks,  
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books ;

Both now eternal, but they'ad ashes been,

Had these religious Vandals once got in.

Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare,  
For books they know the chief malignants are.

In vain they silence every age before ;

For pens of time to come will wound them more !

The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,

Had suffer'd ; this their avarice, that their hate :

Beggary and scorn into the church they'd bring,

And made God glorious, as they made the king :

O happy town, that to loved Charles's sight,

In those sad times, gavest safety and delight,

The fate which civil war itself doth bless ! [ness.

Scarce wouldst thou change for peace this happi-

'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here ;

Think on thy sister, and then shed a tear.

What fights did this sad Winter see each day,

Her winds and storms came not so thick as they !

Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,

Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.

Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues ;

By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.

Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,

Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.

Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,

And with just red new mark'd their holy-day.

Fond men ! this blow the injured crosier strook ;  
Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.  
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove  
Where —— both begun and ended too [shew,  
His cursed rebellion ; where his soul's repaid  
With separation, great as that he made.

——, whose spirit moved o'er this mighty frame  
O' the' British isle, and out this chaos came.

——, the man that taught confusion's art ;  
His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart,  
His active brain like Etna's top appear'd,  
Where treason's forged, yet no noise outward heard.  
'Twas he contrived whate'er bold M— said,  
And all the popular noise that P— has made ;  
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,  
And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties :  
Him, for this black design, Hell thought most fit ;  
Ah ! wretched man, cursed by too good a wit !

If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,  
Think on the West, think on the Cornish night :  
The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,  
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race :  
Here they of old did in long safety lie,  
Compass'd with seas, and a worse enemy ;  
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes  
More cruel and more barbarous than those.  
Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood  
Of Pagan hosts have dyed old Tamar's flood ;  
If any drop of mighty Uther still,  
Or Uther's mightier son, your veins do fill ;  
Show then that spirit, till all men think by you  
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true :  
You 'ave shown it, Britons, and have often done  
Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting Sun.

Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,  
As just and as successful as the old :  
It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring  
His richest waves to feed the' ensuing spring ;  
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd  
All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.  
Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see  
How great a thing exalted man may be ;  
The world remains your debtor, that as yet  
Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.  
I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,  
When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent ;  
Hopton ! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,  
So fortunate, his wisdom's useless made :  
Should his so often-try'd companions fail,  
His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.  
Miraculous man ! how would I sing thy praise,  
Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays  
Conquest hath given to thee ; and next thy name  
Should Berkeley, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.  
Godolphin ! thee, thee Grenville ! I'd rehearse,  
But tears break off my verse !—  
How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled ;  
Swift as the parted souls of those he led !  
How few did his huge multitudes defeat,  
For most are cyphers when the number's great !  
Numbers, alas ! of men, that made no more  
Than he himself ten thousand times told o'er.  
Who hears of Streatton-fight, but must confess  
All that he heard or read before was less ;  
Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,  
For all the blood this twenty years she 'as lost.  
Vast was their army, and their arms were more  
Than the' host of hundred-handed giants bore.

So strong their arms, it almost appear  
Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.  
In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,  
Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was the 'advantage ours :  
What doubts could be, their outward strength to  
When we bore arms and magazine within ? [win,  
The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire ;  
It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire :  
We scorn'd their thunder ; and the reeking blade  
A thicker smoke than all their cannon made ;  
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around  
With fruitless rage ; fallen rebels bite the ground !  
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' the 'foe,  
All that a full-fraught victory can bestow !  
Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds ;  
Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds :  
With Hertford and the prince he joins his fate  
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait) ;  
The prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,  
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name ;  
Till by his loss that fertile monster thrived ;  
This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and lived :  
It lived, and would have stung us deeper yet,  
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met ;  
He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,  
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.  
Hail, mighty ghost ! look from on high, and see  
How much our hands and swords remember thee !  
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall  
What all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.  
One thousand horse beat all their numerous power ;  
Bless me ! and where was then their conqueror ?  
Coward of fame, he flies in haste away ;  
Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.

What meant those iron regiments which he brought,  
That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?  
No way for death but by disease appear'd,  
Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:  
Till, 'gainst all hopes, they proved in this sad fight  
Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.  
The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;  
The' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:  
To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,  
The towers and temples at their entrance shook.  
In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,  
And mustered up new troops of fruitless lies:  
God fought himself, nor could the' event be less;  
Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.  
Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?  
Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the king!  
In Keynton field they met; at once they view  
Their former victory, and enjoy a new:  
Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,  
To be the noblest scene of war and love.  
Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,  
And chased the wandering spirits of rebels dead;  
Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,  
And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.  
Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,  
That toil'd and travell'd for thy victory:  
Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;  
To her thou owest that fame which crowns thee now.  
From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and  
Princes and God at any distance fight. [might;  
At her return well might she a conquest have!  
Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—  
This in the West; nor did the North bestow  
Less cause their usual gratitude to show:

With much of state brave Cavendish led them forth,  
As swift and fierce as tempest from the north ;  
Cavendish ! whom every Grace, and every Muse,  
Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did choose :  
So good a wit they meant not should excel  
In arms ; but now they see't, and like it well :  
So large is that rich empire of his heart,  
Well may they rest contented with a part.  
How soon he forced the northern clouds to flight,  
And struck confusion into form and light !  
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days  
A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.  
Bradford and Leeds propp'd up their sinking fame ;  
They bragged of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.  
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are straight their  
As quickly as they vote men overthrown : [own,  
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,  
And saw our victory move not half so slow.  
I see the gallant earl break through the foes ;  
In dust and sweat how gloriously he shows !  
I see him lead the pikes ; what will he do ?  
Defend him, Heaven ! oh, whither will he go ?  
Up to the cannon's mouth he leads ! in vain  
They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're  
ta'en.

So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder,  
When he charged Jove, and grappled with his thun-  
der :

Both hosts with silence and with terror shook,  
As if not he, but they, were thunder-strook.  
The courage here, and boldness, was no less ;  
Only the cause was better, and success.  
Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,  
Since at Edgehill they sinned, and Burlington.



Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,  
 And make all papists whom you cannot beat !  
 Let the world know some way, with whom you're  
     vex'd,  
 And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you next !  
 Why will you die, fond men ! why will you buy  
 At this fond rate your country's slavery ?  
 Is 't liberty ? What are those threats we hear<sup>5</sup> ?  
 Why do you thus the old and new prison fill ?  
 When that's the only why ; because you will ?  
 Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,  
 And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.  
 Is 't property ? Why do such numbers, then,  
 From God beg vengeance, and relief from men ?  
 Why are the 'estates and goods seized-on, of all  
 Whom covetous or malicious men miscall ?  
 What's more our own than our own lives ? But oh  
 Could Yeomans or could Bouchier find it so ?  
 The barbarous coward, always used to fly,  
 Did know no other way to see men die.  
 Or is 't religion ? What then mean your lies,  
 Your sacrileges, and pulpit blasphemies ?  
 Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,  
 Since Luther's noise waked the lethargic Earth ?  
     *The Author went no further.*

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## THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

### A SATIRE.

So two rude waves, by storms together thrown,  
 Roar at each other, fight and then grow one.  
 Religion is a circle ; men contend,  
 And run the round in dispute, without end :

<sup>5</sup> A line is here evidently wanting ; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known.

Now, in a circle, who go contrary,  
 Must, at the last, meet of necessity.  
 The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,  
 Allows a lie, and calls it *pia fraus* ;  
 The Puritan approves and does the same,  
 Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name :  
 He flows with his devices, and dares lie  
 In very deed, in truth, and verity.  
 He whines, and sighs out lies with so much ruth,  
 As if he grieved 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.  
 Lies have possess'd the press so, as their due,  
 'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.  
 Lies for their next strong fort ha' the' pulpit chose ;  
 There they throng out at the' preacher's mouth and  
 And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile [nose,  
 The poor book-turners of the middle isle ;  
 Nay, to the' Almighty's self they have been bold  
 To lie ; and their blasphemous minister told,  
 They might say false to God ; for if they were  
 Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.  
 But God, who their great thankfulness did see,  
 Rewards them straight with another victory,  
 Just such an one as Brentford ; and, sans doubt,  
 Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.  
 Not all the legends of the saints of old,  
 Not vast Baronius, nor sly Surinus, hold  
 Such plenty of apparent lies as are  
 In you own author, Jo. Browne Cleric. Par.  
 Besides what your small poets said or writ,  
 Brookes, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit :  
 With many a mental reservation,  
 You'll maintain liberty :—Reserved “ your own,”  
 For the' public good the sums raised you'll disburse ;  
 —Reserved “ the greater part, for your own purse.”

You'll root the Cavaliers out, every man ;  
 —Faith, let it be reserved here “ if ye can.”  
 You'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king ;  
 —Reserved “ in Heaven”—for thither ye would  
 His royal head ; the only secure room [bring  
 For kings ; where such as you will never come.  
 To keep the' estates o' the' subjects you pretend ;  
 —Reserved “ in your own trunks.” You will defend  
 The Church of England, 'tis your protestation ;  
 But that's “ New”-England by a small reservation.

Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim ;  
 Case hath got leave of God to do the same :  
 For you do hate all swearing so, that when  
 You've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.  
 A curse upon you ! which hurts most these nations,  
 Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations ?  
 Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhorr'd,  
 You' allow “ God damn me” in the Puritan Lord.

They keep the Bible from laymen ; but ye  
 Avoid this, for ye have no laity.  
 They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,  
 You in an unknown sense your prayers say ;  
 So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue,—  
 Fools understand not them, not wise men you.

They an unprofitable zeal have got  
 Of invoking saints, that hear them not :  
 'Twere well you did so ; nought may more be fear'd,  
 In your fond prayers, than that they should be  
 heard.

To them your nonsense well enough might pass,  
 They'd ne'er see that i' the' divine looking-glass.  
 Nay, whether you'd worship saints is not known,  
 For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.

They by good-works think to be justified :  
 You into the same error deeper slide ;

You think by works too justified to be,  
 And those ill-works—lies, treason, perjury.  
 But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,  
 As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:  
 At Wor'ster, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,  
 Only by faith, ye 'ave got the victory.  
 Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,  
 The public faith at last your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their souls may  
 As the great privilege of all mankind: [bind)  
 You're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent  
 To make 't a privilege but of parliament.  
 They forbid priests to marry; you worse do;  
 Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;  
 For you'd make priests so poor, that upon all  
 Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.

They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,  
 Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make:  
 Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publicly said,  
 (Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad)  
 That to correct the Creed ye should do well,  
 And blot out Christ's descending into hell.  
 Repent, wild man! or you'll ne'er change, I fear,  
 The sentence of your own descending there.

Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they  
 Would take the Lord's Prayer root and branch  
 away:

And wisely said a Levite of our nation,  
 The Lord's Prayer was a popish innovation.  
 Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,  
 An 't be but to desire your daily bread.

They keep the people ignorant: and you  
 Keep both the people and yourselves so too.  
 They blind obedience and blind duty teach:  
 You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;

Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance  
 That which can only save you, ignorance ;  
 Though, Heaven be praised ! 't has oft been proved  
 Your ignorance is not invincible : [well,  
 Nay, such bold lies to God himself ye vaunt,  
 As if you'd fain keep him too ignorant.

Limbus and Purgatory they believe,  
 For lesser sinners ; that is, I conceive,  
 Malignants only : you this trick does please ;  
 For the same cause ye 'ave made new Limbuses,  
 Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we  
 A day of judgment in your courts shall see.  
 But Pym can, like the pope, with this dispense,  
 And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.

Their councils claim infallibility :  
 Such must your conventicle synod be ;  
 And teachers from all parts of the' earth ye call,  
 To make 't a council œcumenical.

They several times appoint from meats to' abstain,  
 You now for the' Irish wars a fast ordain ;  
 And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,  
 Ye take a course to starve them all at last :  
 Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,  
 Not to dress meat on Sundays you're content ;  
 Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,  
 Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues working-day.

They preserve relics : you have few or none,  
 Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one ;  
 Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd  
 A relic in her womb before she marry'd.

They in succeeding Peter take a pride :  
 So do you ; for your master ye 'ave deny'd.  
 But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,  
 At your own wills to bind and to unloose.

He was a fisherman ; you'll be so too,  
 When nothing but your ships are left to you.  
 He went to Rome ; to Rome you backward ride,  
 (Though both your goings are by some deny'd)  
 Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,  
 You go to Rome the quite contrary way.  
 He died o' the' cross ; that death's unusual now ;  
 The gallows is most like 't, and that's for you.

They love church-music ; it offends your sense,  
 And therefore ye have sung it out from thence ;  
 Which shows, if right your mind be understood,  
 You hate it not as music, but as good :  
 Your madness makes you sing as much as they  
 Dance who are bit with a tarantula.  
 But do not to yourselves, alas ! appear  
 The most religious traitors that e'er were,  
 Because your troops singing of psalms do go ;  
 There's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.  
 Nor was't your wit this holy project bore ;  
 Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks before.

They of strange miracles and wonders tell ;  
 You are yourselves a kind of miracle ;  
 Even such a miracle as in writ divine  
 We read o'—the Devil's hurrying down the swine.  
 They have made images to speak : 'tis said,  
 You a dull image have your speaker made ;  
 And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,  
 Ye 'ave to that idol given six thousand pound.  
 They drive out devils, they say : here ye begin  
 To differ, I confess—you let them in.

They maintain transubstantiation ;  
 You, by a contrary philosophers-stone,  
 To transubstantiate metals have the skill,  
 And turn the kingdom's gold to iron and steel.

I' the' sacrament ye differ ; but 'tis noted,  
Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.

They make the pope their head ; ye exalt for him,  
Primate and metropolitan, master Pym ;  
Nay, White, who sits i' the' infallible chair,  
And most infallibly speaks nonsense there ;  
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, sir John Wray,  
He who does say, and say, and say, and say ;  
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government  
wish,

And propheties, like Jonas, 'midst the fish ;  
Who can such various business wisely sway,  
Handling both herrings and bishops in one day :  
Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,  
From master Calamy to mistress Ven,  
Are perfect popes, in their own parish, grown ;  
For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,  
Your women preach too, and are like to be  
The whores of Babylon as much as she.

They depose kings by force : by force you'd do it,  
But first use fair means to persuade them to it.  
They dare kill kings : and 'twixt ye here's the strife,  
That you dare shoot at kings to save their life :  
And what's the difference, pray, whether he fall  
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general ?  
Three kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own,  
And, like the pope, usurp a triple crown.

Such is your faith, such your religion ;  
Let's view your manners now, and then I've done.  
Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,  
Where first the Irish lands, and next ye sell  
The English blood, and raise rebellion here  
With that which should suppress and quench it  
there.

What mighty sums have ye squeezed out o' the' city !  
 Enough to make them poor, and something witty.  
 Excise, loans, contributions, poll-moneys,  
 Bribes, plunder, and such parliament privileges,  
 Are words which you ne'er learn'd in holy writ,  
 Till the' spirit, and your synod, mended it.

Where's all the twentieth part now, which hath been  
 Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen ?

Where's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past ?  
 For you're grown wretched pilfering knaves at last ;  
 Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,  
 Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.  
 By what vast hopes is your ambition fed ?

'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read :  
 You must have places, and the kingdom sway ;  
 The king must be a ward to your lord Say.  
 Your innocent speaker to the Rolls must rise ;  
 Six thousand pound hath made him proud and wise.

Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,  
 Would be like him ;—would he were, face and all !  
 Isaack would always be lord-mayor ; and so  
 May always be, as much as he is now.

For the five members, they so richly thrive,  
 That they would always be but members five.

Only Pym does his natural right enforce,  
 By the' mother's side he's master of the horse.  
 Most shall have places by these popular tricks,  
 The rest must be content with bishoprics.

For 'tis 'gainst superstition you're intent ;  
 First to root out that great church-ornament,  
 Money and lands : your swords, alas ! are drawn  
 Against the bishop, not his cap, or lawn.

O let not such lewd sacrilege begin,  
 Tempted by Henry's rich, successful sin !



Henry! the monster-king of all that age;  
 Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.  
 Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives  
 In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;  
 Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see  
 Buried, and then their lands his own to be.  
 Ye boundless tyrants! how do you outvie  
 The' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!  
 In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far  
 Above those men, as you in number are.  
 What mysteries of iniquity do we see!  
 New prisons made to defend liberty!  
 Our goods forced from us for property's sake;  
 And all the real nonsense which ye make!  
 Ship-money was unjustly ta'en, ye say;  
 Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.  
 The High Commission you call'd tyranny:  
 Ye did! good God! what is the High Committee?  
 Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought:  
 By money and blood too they now are sought.  
 To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw:  
 The subjects' will is now become the law.  
 'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:  
 All new religions, now, are enter'd in.  
 The king delinquents to protect did strive:  
 What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, saved the  
     Five!  
 You think the' parliament like your state of grace;  
 Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.  
 Invasions then were fear'd against the state;  
 And Strode swore last year<sup>5</sup> would be eighty-eight.  
 You bring in foreign aid to your designs,  
 First those great foreign forces of divines,

<sup>5</sup> Viz. 1642.

With which ships from America were fraught ;  
 Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought  
 From thence, I say ; next, ye the Scots invite,  
 Which you term brotherly assistance, right ;  
 For England you intend with them to share :  
 They, who, alas ! but younger brothers are,  
 Must have the moneys for their portion ;  
 The houses and the lands will be your own.  
 We thank you for the wounds which we endure,  
 Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to cure ;  
 We thank you for true real fears, at last,  
 Which free us from so many false ones past ;  
 We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,  
 As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost ;  
 We thank you for the ills received, and all  
 Which yet by your good care in time we shall ;  
 We thank you, and our gratitude's as great  
 As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY SISTER.

SHE that can sit three sermons in a day,  
 And of those three scarce bear three words away ;  
 She that can rob her husband, to repair  
 A budget-priest, that noses a longer prayer ;  
 She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,  
 And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes ;  
 She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,  
 And edifies her looks with little ruffs ;  
 She that loves sermons as she does the rest,  
 Still standing stiff that longest are the best ;  
 She that will lie, yet swear she hates a liar,  
 Except it be the man that will lie by her ;

She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,  
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake ;  
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,  
And beats her maid i' the kitchen, where none see't ;  
She that will sit in shop for five hours' space,  
And register the sins of all that pass,  
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,  
That none can possibly be saved but they  
That hang religion in a naked ear,  
And judge men's hearts according to their hair ;  
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,  
Moses, or Dod on the commandements ;  
She that can sigh, and cry " Queen Elizabeth,"  
Rail at the pope, and scratch-out " sudden death :"  
And for all this can give no reason why :  
This is an holy sister, verily.

# ANACREONTIQUES :

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

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## I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,  
In mighty numbers, mighty things.  
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings  
To my great song rebellious prove;  
The strings will sound of nought but love.  
I broke them all, and put on new;  
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.  
These sure (said I) will me obey;  
These, sure, heroic notes will play.  
Straight I began with thundering Jove,  
And all the' immortal powers; but Love,  
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre  
Came gentle airs, such as inspire  
Melting love and soft desire.  
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!  
And mighty numbers, mighty things!  
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

## II. DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
The plants suck-in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair;

The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink)  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy sun (and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun :  
They drink and dance by their own light ;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I ;  
Why, man of morals, tell me why ?

### III. BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense  
To all things arms for their defence ;  
And some she arms with sinewy force,  
And some with swiftmess in the course ;  
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,  
And some with horns or tusked jaws :  
And some with scales, and some with wings,  
And some with teeth, and some with stings.  
Wisdom to man she did afford,  
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.  
What to beauteous womankind,  
What arms, what armour, has she' assign'd ?  
Beauty is both; for with the fair  
What arms, what armour, can compare ?  
What steel, what gold, or diamond,  
More impassible is found ?

And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er  
So great an active force did bear?  
They are all weapon, and they dart  
Like porcupines from every part.  
Who can, alas! their strength express,  
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,  
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

#### IV. THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love ;  
I will not now Love's rebel prove,  
Though I was once his enemy ;  
Though ill-advised and stubborn I,  
Did to the combat him defy.  
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,  
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.  
Love in one hand his bow did take,  
In the' other hand a dart did shake ;  
But yet in vain the dart did throw,  
In vain he often drew the bow ;  
So well my armour did resist,  
So oft by flight the blow I miss'd :  
But, when I thought all danger past,  
His quiver empty'd quite at last,  
Instead of arrow or of dart  
He shot himself into my heart.  
The living and the killing arrow  
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,  
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow  
No trench or work of life withstood.  
In vain I now the walls maintain ;  
I set out guards and scouts in vain ;  
Since the' enemy does within remain.

In vain a breast-plate now I wear,  
Since in my breast the foe I bear ;  
In vain my feet their swiftness try ;  
For from the body can they fly ?

## V. AGE.

OFT am I by the women told,  
Poor Anacreon ! thou grow'st old :  
Look how thy hairs are falling all ;  
Poor Anacreon, how they fall !  
Whether I grow old or no,  
By the' effects I do not know ;  
This I know, without being told,  
'Tis time to live, if I grow old ;  
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
Of little life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake.

## VI. THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told  
(The endless sums of heavenly gold) ;  
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,  
From sickly autumn's head they fall ;  
Or when the drops that make the sea,  
Whilst all her sands they counters be ;  
Thou then, and then alone, mayst prove  
The' arithmetician of my love.  
An hundred loves at Athens score,  
At Corinth write an hundred more :  
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,  
So few, is an escaping there.  
Write then at Chios seventy-three ;  
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)

Write me at Lesbos ninety down,  
Full ninety loves, and half a one.  
And, next to these, let me present  
The fair Ionian regiment;  
And next the Carian company;  
Five hundred both effectively.  
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;  
Three hundred 'tis, I'm sure, complete;  
For arms at Crete each face does bear,  
And every eye's an archer there.  
Go on: this stop why dost thou make?  
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.  
Seems this to thee too great a sum?  
Why many thousands are to come;  
The mighty Xerxes could not boast  
Such different nations in his host.  
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,  
Must find some better secretary.  
I have not yet my Persian told,  
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,  
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;  
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;  
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;  
There's a whole map behind of names  
Of gentle loves i' the' temperate zone,  
And cold ones in the frigid one,  
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,  
And parched loves beneath the Line.

## VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
But, of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain.



Virtue now, nor noble blood,  
Nor wit, by Love is understood ;  
Gold alone does passion move,  
Gold monopolizes love ;  
A curse on her, and on the man  
Who this traffic first began !  
A curse on him who found the ore !  
A curse on him who digged the store !  
A curse on him who did refine it !  
A curse on him who first did coin it !  
A curse, all curses else above,  
On him who used it first in love !  
Gold begets in brethren hate ;  
Gold in families debate ;  
Gold does friendships separate ;  
Gold does civil wars create.  
These the smallest harms of it !  
Gold, alas ! does love beget.

## VIII. THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine !  
Around our temples roses twine !  
And let us cheerfully awhile,  
Like the wine and roses, smile.  
Crown'd with roses, we contemn  
Gyges' wealthy diadem.  
To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?  
To-day is ours ; we have it here :  
Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
Let's banish business, banish sorrow ;  
To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

## IX. ANOTHER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
On flowery beds supinely laid,  
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,  
And around it roses growing,  
What should I do but drink away  
The heat and troubles of the day?  
In this more than kingly state  
Love himself shall on me wait.  
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;  
And mingled cast into the cup  
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,  
Vigorous health and gay desires.  
The wheel of life no less will stay  
In a smooth than rugged way:  
Since it equally doth flee,  
Let the motion pleasant be.  
Why do we precious ointments shower?  
Nobler wines why do we pour?  
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,  
Upon the monuments of the dead?  
Nothing they but dust can show,  
Or bones that hasten to be so.  
Crown me with roses whilst I live,  
Now your wines and ointments give;  
After death I nothing crave,  
Let me alive my pleasures have,  
All are Stoics in the grave.

## X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine!

Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill ;  
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing ;  
Happier than the happiest king !  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants, belong to thee ;  
All that summer-hours produce,  
Fertile made with early juice.  
Man for thee does sow and plough ;  
Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
Thou dost innocently joy ;  
Nor does thy luxury destroy ;  
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
More harmonious than he.  
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripen'd year !  
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;  
Phœbus is himself thy sire.  
To thee, of all things upon earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
Happy insect, happy thou !  
Dost neither age nor winter know ;  
But, when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung  
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among  
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
Epicurean animal !)  
Sated with thy summer feast,  
Thou retirest to endless rest.

## XI. THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou  
So early at my window do,  
With thy tuneless serenade?  
Well 't had been had Tereus made  
Thee as dumb as Philomel;  
There his knife had done but well.  
In thy undiscover'd nest  
Thou dost all the winter rest,  
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,  
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:  
Free from the' ill thou'st done to me;  
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?  
Hadst thou all the charming notes  
Of the wood's poetic throats,  
All thy art could never pay  
What thou'st ta'en from me away.  
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away  
A dream out of my arms to-day;  
A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be  
By all that waking eyes may see.  
Thou, this damage to repair,  
Nothing half so sweet or fair,  
Nothing half so good, canst bring,  
Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,  
WHO WAS CHOKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

How shall I lament thine end,  
My best servant, and my friend?  
Nay, and, if from a Deity,  
So much deified as I,  
It sound not too profane and odd,  
Oh, my master and my god!  
For 'tis true, most mighty poet!  
(Though I like not men should know it)  
I am in naked nature less,  
Less by much, than in thy dress.  
All thy verse is softer far  
Than the downy feathers are  
Of my wings, or of my arrows,  
Of my mother's doves or sparrows.  
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,  
Or their riper following blisses,  
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,  
All with Venus' girdle bound;  
And thy life was all the while  
Kind and gentle as thy style.  
The smooth-paced hours of every day  
Glided numerously away.  
Like thy verse each hour did pass;  
Sweet and short, like that, it was.

Some do but their youth allow me,  
Just what they by nature owe me,  
The time that's mine, and not their own,  
The certain tribute of my crown:

When they grow old, they grow to be  
Too busy, or too wise, for me.

Thou wert wiser, and didst know  
None too wise for Love can grow ;

Love was with thy life entwined,  
Close as heat with fire is join'd ;  
A powerful brand prescribed the date  
Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.

The' antiperistasis of age  
More enflamed thy amorous rage ;  
Thy silver hairs yielded me more  
Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of creation,  
As I have of generation,  
Where I the matter must obey,  
And cannot work plate out of clay,  
My creatures should be all like thee,  
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be :  
They, like thee, should thoroughly hate  
Business, honour, title, state ;  
Other wealth they should not know,  
But what my living mines bestow ;  
The pomp of kings, they should confess,  
At their crownings, to be less  
Than a lover's humblest guise,  
When at his mistress' feet he lies.  
Rumour they no more should mind  
Than men safe-landed do the wind ;  
Wisdom itself they should not hear,  
When it presumes to be severe :  
Beauty alone they should admire,  
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,  
Nor ask what parents it can show ;  
With dead or old 't has nought to do.

They should not love yet all or any,  
But very much and very many :  
All their life should gilded be  
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety ;  
Well remembering and applying  
The necessity of dying.  
Their cheerful heads should always wear  
All that crowns the flowery year :  
They should always laugh, and sing,  
And dance, and strike the' harmonious string ;  
Verse should from their tongue so flow,  
As if it in the mouth did grow,  
As swiftly answering their command,  
As tunes obey the artful hand.  
And whilst I do thus discover  
The' ingredients of a happy lover,  
'Tis, my Anacreon ! for thy sake  
I of the grape no mention make.

Till my Anacreon by thee fell,  
Curs'd plant ! I loved thee well ;  
And 'twas oft my wanton use  
To dip my arrows in thy juice.  
Curs'd plant ! 'tis true, I see,  
The' old report that goes of thee—  
That, with giants' blood the earth  
Stain'd and poison'd, gave thee birth ;  
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite  
On men in whom the gods delight.  
Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,  
Was brought forth in flames and thunder ;  
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,  
Worse than his tigers, he delights ;  
In all our heaven I think there be  
No such ill-natured god as he.

Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine !  
To be the Muses' friend and mine :  
With love and wit thou dost begin,  
False fires, alas ! to draw us in ;  
Which, if our course we by them keep,  
Misguide to madness or to sleep :  
Sleep were well ; thou 'ast learn'd a way  
To death itself now to betray.

It grieves me when I see what fate  
Does on the best of mankind wait.  
Poets or lovers let them be,  
'Tis neither love nor poesy  
Can arm, against death's smallest dart,  
The poet's head or lover's heart ;  
But when their life, in its decline,  
Touches the' inevitable line,  
All the world's mortal to them then,  
And wine is aconite to men ;  
Nay, in death's hand, the grape-stone proves  
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.



# VERSES

WRITTEN

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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## CHRIST'S PASSION,

TAKEN OUT OF A GREEK ODE, WRITTEN BY MR. MASTERS,  
OF NEW COLLEGE, IN OXFORD.

ENOUGH, my Muse ! of earthly things,  
And inspirations but of wind ;  
Take up thy lute, and to it bind  
Loud and everlasting strings ;  
And on them play, and to them sing,  
The happy mournful stories,  
The lamentable glories,  
Of the great crucified King.  
Mountainous heap of wonders ! which dost rise  
Till earth thou joinest with the skies !  
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,  
To be half seen by mortal eye !  
How shall I grasp this boundless thing ?  
What shall I play ? what shall I sing ?  
I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,  
Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed  
spirits above,  
With all their comments can explain ;  
How all the whole world's life to die did not disdain

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion  
The depths unfathom'd yet [Divine,  
By reason's plummet, and the line of wit;  
Too light the plummet, and too short the line!  
How the eternal Father did bestow  
His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe,  
I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear  
The triumph of the buried Conqueror.  
How hell was by its prisoner captive led,  
And the great slayer, Death, slain by the dead.

Methinks I hear of murdered men the voice,  
Mixt with the murderers' confused noise,  
Sound from the top of Calvary;  
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see  
Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three;  
Oh, how unlike the others He!  
Look, how he bends his gentle head with blessings  
from the tree!  
His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,  
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;  
And sinful man does fondly bind  
The arms which he extends to' embrace all human-kind.

Unhappy man! canst thou stand by and see  
All this as patient as he?  
Since he thy sins does bear,  
Make thou his sufferings thine own,  
And weep, and sigh, and groan,  
And beat thy breast, and tear  
Thy garments and thy hair,  
And let thy grief, and let thy love,  
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.

Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,  
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,  
But made at home with richer gore ?  
Dost thou not see the roses which adorn  
The thorny garland by him worn ?  
Dost thou not see the livid traces  
Of the sharp scourges' rude embraces ?  
If yet thou feelest not the smart  
Of thorns and scourges in thy heart ;  
If that be yet not crucify'd ;  
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his side !  
Open, oh ! open wide fountains of thine eyes,  
And let them call  
Their stock of moisture forth where'er it lies !  
For this will ask it all.  
'Twould all, alas ! too little be,  
Though thy salt tears come from a sea.  
Canst thou deny him this, when he  
Has open'd all his vital springs for thee ?  
Take heed ; for by his side's mysterious flood  
May well be understood,  
That he will still require some water to his blood.

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## ODE

ON ORINDA'S POEMS.

WE allow'd you beauty, and we did submit  
To all the tyrannies of it ;  
Ah ! cruel sex, will you depose us too in wit ?  
Orinda<sup>1</sup> does in that too reign ;  
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,  
And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Catherine Philips.

We our old title plead in vain,  
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.  
Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore,  
In Beauty's camp it was not known ;  
Too many arms besides that conqueror bore :  
'Twas the great cannon we brought down  
To' assault a stubborn town ;  
Orinda first did a bold sally make,  
Our strongest quarter take,  
And so successful proved, that she  
Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

Woman, as if the body were their whole,  
Did that, and not the soul,  
Transmit to their posterity ;  
If in it sometime they conceived,  
The' abortive issue never lived.  
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee  
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,  
Should unmanured or barren lie.  
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd  
The fair and fruitful field ;  
And 'tis a strange increase that it does yield.  
As, when the happy Gods above  
Meet altogether at a feast,  
A secret joy unspeakable does move  
In their great mother Cybele's contented breast :  
With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see,  
This thy no less immortal progeny ;  
And in their birth thou no one touch dost find  
Of the' ancient curse to woman-kind :  
Thou bring'st not forth with pain ;  
If neither travail is nor labour of the brain :

So easily they from thee come,  
And there is so much room  
In the' unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,  
That, like the Holland Countess, thou mayst bear  
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy, raise,  
If to be praised I loved more than to praise :

Where'er I see an excellence,  
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,  
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high ;  
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as  
thine eye.

'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,

Or rather 'tis angelical ;

For, as in angels we

Do in thy verses see

Both improved sexes eminently meet ;

They are than man more strong, and more than  
woman sweet.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,  
Female chimeras, that o'er poets reign ;

I ne'er could find that fancy true,

But have invoked them oft, I'm sure, in vain :

They talk of Sappho ; but, alas ! the shame !

Ill-manners soil the lustre of her fame ;

Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,

That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,

It through the paper shines where she does write.

Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn

Of things for which we were not born

(Things that can only by a fond disease,

Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)

Are the instructive subjects of her pen  
 And, as the Roman victory  
 Taught our rude land arts and civility,  
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men.

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire  
 A female breast with such a fire :  
 The warlike Amazonian train,  
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,  
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,  
 Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her.  
 Merlin the seer (and sure he would not lie  
 In such a sacred company)  
 Does prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,  
 Which he had darkly spok' so long ago;  
 Even Boadicia's angry ghost  
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,  
 And to her injured daughters now does boast,  
 That Rome's o'ercome at last by a woman of her  
 race.

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## ODE

UPON OCCASION OF A COPY OF VERSES OF MY  
 LORD BROGHILL'S.

BE gone (said I), ingrateful Muse! and see  
 What others thou canst fool, as well as me.  
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,  
 My business and my hopes I left for thee :  
 For thee (which was more hardly given away)  
 I left, even when a boy, my play.  
 But say, ingrateful mistress ! say,  
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay ?

Thou'lt say, perhaps, that riches are  
Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade,  
And I as well my country might upbraid  
Because I have no vineyard there.  
Well: but in love thou dost pretend to reign;  
There thine the power and lordship is;  
Thou had'st me write, and write, and write again;  
'Twas such a way as could not miss.  
I, like a fool, did thee obey:  
I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;  
For, after all my' expense of wit and pain,  
A rich, unwriting hand carried the prize away.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,  
That she had given me fame.

Bounty immense! and that too must be try'd  
When I myself am nothing but a name.

Who now, what reader does not strive  
To' invalidate the gift whilst we're alive?  
For, when a poet now himself doth show,  
As if he were a common foe,  
All draw upon him, all around,  
And every part of him they wound,  
Happy the man that gives the deepest blow:  
And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.

Then in rage I took,  
And out at window threw,  
Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;  
Homer himself went with them too;  
Hardly escaped the sacred Mantuan book:  
I my own offspring, like Agavé, tore,  
And I resolved, nay, and I think I swore,  
That I no more the ground would till and sow,  
Where only flowery weeds instead of corn did grow.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find  
 Rebellious man to bind  
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd !)  
 The Muse came in more cheerful than before,  
 And bade me quarrel with her now no more :  
 " Lo ! thy reward ! look here, and see  
 What I have made" (said she),  
 " My lover and beloved, my Broghill, do for thee !  
 Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,  
 Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.  
 What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,  
 Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,  
 Will dare to' oppose thee, when  
 Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conquering  
 I rose, and bow'd my head, [pen ?"  
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said :  
 Well satisfy'd and proud,  
 I straight resolved, and solemnly I vow'd,  
 That from her service now I ne'er would part;  
 So strongly large rewards work on a grateful heart !

Nothing so soon the drooping spirits can raise  
 As praises from the men whom all men praise :  
 'Tis the best cordial, and which only those  
 Who have at home the' ingredients can compose  
 A cordial that restores our fainting breath,  
 And keeps up life e'en after death !  
 The only danger is, lest it should be  
 Too strong a remedy ;  
 Lest, in removing cold, it should beget  
 Too violent a heat ;  
 And into madness turn the lethargy.  
 Ah ! gracious God ! that I might see  
 A time when it were dangerous for me



To be o'er-heat with praise !  
But I within me bear, alas ! too great allays.

'Tis said, Apelles, when he Venus drew,  
Did naked women for his pattern view,  
And with his powerful fancy did refine  
Their human shapes into a form divine ;  
None who had sat could her own picture see,  
Or say, one part was drawn for me :  
So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,  
Was pleased to think it fit  
That my book should before him sit,  
Not as a cause, but an occasion, to his wit ;  
Yet what have I to boast, or to apply  
To my advantage out of it ; since I,  
Instead of my own likeness, only find  
The bright idea there of the great writer's mind ?

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### ODE.

MR. COWLEY'S BOOK PRESENTING ITSELF TO THE  
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD.

HAIL, Learning's Pantheon ! Hail, the sacred ark  
Where all the world of science does embark !  
Which ever shall withstand, and last so long with-  
Insatiate Time's devouring flood. [stood,  
Hail, tree of knowledge ! thy leaves fruit ! which  
Dost in the midst of paradise arise, [well  
Oxford ! the Muses' paradise,  
From which may never sword the bless'd expel !  
Hail, bank of all past ages ! where they lie  
To' enrich with interest posterity !  
Hail, Wit's illustrious Galaxy !

Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;  
Hail, living University of the dead!

Unconfused Babel of all tongues! which e'er  
The mighty linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty tra-  
That could speak, or this could hear. [veller,  
Majestic monument and pyramid!

Where still the shades of parted souls abide  
Embalm'd in verse; exalted souls which now  
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below;

Which now all wonders plainly see,

That have been, are, or are to be,

In the mysterious library,

The beatific Bodley of the Deity! . . . .

Will you into your sacred throng admit

The meanest British Wit?

You, general-council of the priests of Fame,

Will you not murmur and disdain,

That I a place among you claim,

The humblest deacon of her train?

Will you allow me the' honourable chain?

The chain of ornament, which here

Your noble prisoners proudly wear;

A chain which will more pleasant seem to me

Than all my own Pindaric liberty!

Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,

Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?

Whatever happy book is chained here,

No other place or people need to fear;

His chain's a passport to go every-where.

As when a seat in heaven

Is to an unmalicious sinner given,

Who, casting round his wondering eye,

Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy

Martyrs who did their lives bestow,  
And saints, who martyrs lived below ;  
With trembling and amazement he begins  
To recollect his frailties past and sins ;  
He doubts almost his station there ;  
His soul says to itself, " How came I here ?"  
It fares no otherwise with me,  
When I myself with conscious wonder see  
Amidst this purify'd elected company.  
With hardship they, and pain,  
Did to this happiness attain :  
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend ;  
I think predestination only was my friend.

Ah, that my author had been ty'd like me  
To such a place and such a company !  
Instead of several countries, several men,  
And business, which the Muses hate,  
He might have then improved that small estate  
Which Nature sparingly did to him give ;  
He might perhaps have thriven then,  
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live.

'T had happier been for him, as well as me ;  
For when all, alas ! is done,  
We books, I mean, You books, will prove to be  
The best and noblest conversation :  
For, though some errors will get in,  
Like tinctures of original sin ;  
Yet sure we from our fathers' wit  
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,  
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,  
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generation.

## ODE.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN THE CHAIR MADE OUT OF  
THE RELICS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP.

CHEER up, my mates, the wind does fairly blow,  
Clap on more sail, and never spare ;  
Farewell all lands, for now we are  
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me, 'tis hot ! another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning Line :  
Hey, boys ! she scuds away, and by my head I know  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those that tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roam,  
And gain such experience, and spy too  
Such countries and wonders, as I do !  
But pr'ythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,  
And fail not to touch at Peru !  
With gold there the vessel we'll store,  
And never, and never be poor,  
No, never be poor any more.

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?  
As well upon a staff may witches ride  
Their fancy'd journeys in the air,  
As I sail round the ocean in this chair !  
'Tis true ; but yet this chair which here you see,  
For all 'tis quiet now, and gravity,  
Has wander'd and has travell'd more  
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before :  
In every air and every sea 't has been, ['t has seen.  
'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heavens  
Let not the Pope's itself with this compare,  
This is the only universal chair.

The pious wanderer's fleet, saved from the flame  
(Which still the relics did of Troy pursue,  
    And took them for its due),  
A squadron of immortal nymphs became :  
Still with their arms they row about the seas,  
And still make new and greater voyages :  
Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece  
(Though now a star she so triumphant show,  
And guide her sailing successors below,  
Bright as her ancient freight the shining fleece)  
Yet to this day a quiet harbour found ;  
The tide of heaven still carries her around.  
Only Drake's sacred vessel (which before  
    Had done and had seen more  
    Than those have done or seen,  
Evensince they Goddesses and this a Star has been),  
As a reward for all her labour past,  
    Is made the seat of rest at last.  
    Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
And, as thou went'st abroad the world to see,  
    Let the world now come to see thee !  
The world will do't ; for curiosity  
Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make ;  
And I myself, who now love quiet too,  
As much almost as any chair can do,  
    Would yet a journey take,  
An old wheel of that chariot to see,  
    Which Phaeton so rashly brake :  
Yet what could that say more than these remains  
    of Drake ?  
Great relic ! thou too, in this port of ease,  
Hast still one way of making voyages ;  
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale  
    (The great trade-wind which ne'er does fail)

Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run  
As long around it as the sun.  
The streights of Time too narrow are for thee ;  
Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,  
And steer the endless course of vast Eternity !  
Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me !

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## UPON THE DEATH OF

## THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

'Tis folly all that can be said  
By living mortals of the' immortal dead,  
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.  
'Tis as if we, who stay behind  
In expectation of the wind,  
Should pity those who pass'd this streight before,  
And touch the universal shore.  
Ah, happy man ! who art to sail no more !  
And, if it seem'd ridiculous to grieve  
Because our friends are newly come from sea,  
Though ne'er so fair and calm it be ;  
What would all sober men believe,  
If they should hear us sighing say,  
“ Balcarres, who but the' other day  
Did all our love and our respect command ;  
At whose great parts we all amazed did stand ;  
Is from a storm, alas ! cast suddenly on land ?”  
If you will say—Few persons upon earth  
Did, more than he, deserve to have  
A life exempt from fortune and the grave ;  
Whether you look upon his birth  
And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread—  
But ancestors, alas ! who long ago are dead—

Or whether you consider more  
The vast increase, as sure you ought,  
Of honour by his labour bought,  
And added to the former store :  
All I can answer, is, That I allow  
The privilege you plead for ; and avow  
That, as he well deserved, he doth enjoy it now.

Though God, for great and righteous ends,  
Which his unerring Providence intends  
Erroneous mankind should not understand,  
Would not permit Balcarres' hand  
(That once with so much industry and art  
Had closed the gaping wounds of every part)  
To perfect his distracted nation's cure,  
Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas to' endure ;  
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,  
From all the' oppression and the woe  
Of his frail body's native soil below,  
To his soul's true and peaceful country above :  
So Godlike kings, for secret causes, known  
Sometimes but to themselves alone,  
One of their ablest ministers elect,  
And send abroad to treaties which they' intend  
Shall never take effect ;  
But, though the treaty wants a happy end,  
The happy agent wants not the reward,  
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard ;  
His just and righteous master calls him home,  
And gives him, near himself, some honourable room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring  
To save his country, and restore his king ;  
And, whilst the manly half of him (which those  
Who know not Love, to be the whole suppose)

Perform'd all parts of virtue's vigorous life ;  
 The beauteous half, his lovely wife,  
 Did all his labours and his cares divide ;  
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side :  
     In all the turns of human state,  
     And all the' unjust attacks of Fate,  
     She bore her share and portion still,  
 And would not suffer any to be ill.  
 Unfortunate for ever let me be,  
     If I believe that such was he,  
     Whom, in the storms of bad success,  
     And all that Error calls unhappiness,  
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany !

With these companions 'twas not strange  
 That nothing could his temper change.  
 His own and country's union had not weight  
     Enough to crush his mighty mind !  
 He saw around the hurricanes of state,  
 Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.  
     Thus far the greedy sea may reach ;  
     All outward things are but the beach ;  
 A great man's soul it doth assault in vain !  
 Their God himself the ocean doth restrain  
     With an imperceptible chain,  
     And bid it to go back again.  
 His wisdom, justice, and his piety,  
 His courage both to suffer and to die,  
     His virtues, and his lady too,  
     Were things celestial. And we see,  
 In spite of quarrelling philosophy,  
     How in this case 'tis certain found,  
 That heaven stands still, and only earth goes round.



## ODE.

UPON DR. HARVEY.

COY Nature (which remain'd, though aged grown,  
A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none,  
Nor seen unveil'd by any one),

When Harvey's violent passion she did see,  
Began to tremble and to flee ;

Took sanctuary, like Daphne, in a tree :

There Daphne's lover stopped, and thought it much  
The very leaves of her to touch :

But Harvey, our Apollo, stopp'd not so ;

Into the bark and root he after her did go !

No smallest fibres of a plant, [want,  
For which the eye-beams' point doth sharpness

His passage after her withstood.

What should she do ? Through all the moving wood  
Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight ;

Harvey pursues, and keeps her still in sight.

But, as the deer, long-hunted, takes a flood,  
She leap'd at last into the winding streams of blood ;  
Of man's mæander all the purple reaches made,

Till at the heart she stay'd ;

Where turning head, and at a bay,  
Thus by well-purged ears was she o'erheard to say :

" Here sure shall I be safe" (said she),  
None will be able sure to see

This my retreat, but only He

Who made both it and me.

The heart of man what art can e'er reveal ?

A wall impervious between

Divides the very parts within, [ceal."

And doth the heart of man even from itself con-

She spoke : but, ere she was aware,  
Harvey was with her there ;  
And held this slippery Proteus in a chain,  
Till all her mighty mysteries he descry'd ;  
Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide  
Was the first thing that Nature did in vain.

He the young practice of new life did see,  
Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,  
It for a living wrought, both hard and privately.  
Before the liver understood  
The noble scarlet dye of blood ;  
Before one drop was by it made,  
Or brought into it, to set up the trade ;  
Before the untaught heart began to beat  
The tuneful march to vital heat ;  
From all the souls that living buildings rear,  
Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air ;  
Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought ;  
A strict account to him is hourly brought  
How the great fabric does proceed,  
What time, and what materials, it does need :  
He so exactly does the work survey,  
As if he hired the workers by the day.  
Thus Harvey sought for Truth in Truth's own book,  
The creatures—which by God himself was writ ;  
And wisely thought 'twas fit,  
Not to read comments only upon it,  
But on the' original itself to look.  
Methinks in Art's great circle others stand  
Lock'd-up together, hand in hand ;  
Every one leads as he is led ;  
The same bare path they tread,

And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,  
But neither change their motion nor their ground :  
Had Harvey to this road confined his wit, [yet.  
His noble circle of the blood had been untrodden  
Great Doctor ! the' art of curing's cured by thee ;

We now thy patient, Physic, see  
From all inveterate diseases free,

Purged of old errors by thy care,  
New dieted, put forth to clearer air ;

It now will strong and healthful prove ;  
Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move !

These useful secrets to his pen we owe !  
And thousands more 'twas ready to bestow ;  
Of which a barbarous war's unlearned rage

Has robbed the ruin'd age :

O cruel loss ! as if the golden fleece,

With so much cost and labour bought,  
And from afar by a great hero brought,

Had sunk even in the ports of Greece.

O cursed war ! who can forgive thee this ?

Houses and towns may rise again ;

And ten times easier 'tis

To rebuild Paul's, than any work of his :

That mighty task none but himself can do,

Nay, scarce himself too, now ;

For, though his wit the force of age withstand,

His body, alas ! and time, it must command ;

And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,

Will sure have her revenge on him at last.

## ODE,

FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast  
 (Meaning nothing less than rest)  
 Acme lean'd her loving head,  
 Thus the pleas'd Septimius said :

My dearest Acme, if I be  
 Once alive, and love not thee  
 With a passion far above  
 All that e'er was called love ;  
 In a Libyan desert may  
 I become some lion's prey ;  
 Let him, Acme, let him tear  
 My breast, when Acme is not there.  
 The God of Love, who stood to hear him  
 (The God of Love was always near him),  
 Pleased and tickled with the sound,  
 Sneezed aloud ; and all around  
 The little Loves, that waited by,  
 Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.

Acme, enflamed with what he said,  
 Rear'd her gently-bending head ;  
 And, her purple mouth with joy  
 Stretching to the delicious boy,  
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)  
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all ! (said she)  
 So may we ever servants be  
 To this best God, and ne'er retain  
 Our hated liberty again !

So may thy passion last for me,  
As I a passion have for thee,  
Greater and fiercer much than can  
Be conceived by thee a man !  
Into my marrow is it gone,  
Fix'd and settled in the bone ;  
It reigns not only in my heart,  
But runs, like life, through every part.  
She spoke ; the God of Love aloud  
Sneezed again ; and all the crowd  
Of little Loves, that waited by,  
Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.  
This good omen thus from heaven  
Like a happy signal given,  
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,  
And hand in hand run all the race.  
To poor Septimius (who did now  
Nothing else but Acme grow)  
Acme's bosom was alone  
The whole world's imperial throne ;  
And to faithful Acme's mind  
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the Gods would please to be  
But advised for once by me,  
I'd advise them, when they spy  
Any' illustrious piety,  
To reward her, if it be she—  
To reward him, if it be he—  
With such a husband, such a wife ;  
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

## ODE

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S RESTORATION AND RETURN.

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Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

VIRG.

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Now blessings on you all, ye peaceful stars,  
Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense  
Your universal gentle influence  
To calm the stormy world, and still the rage of wars !  
Nor, whilst around the continent  
Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,  
Did your pacific lights disdain  
In their large treaty to contain  
The world apart, o'er which do reign  
Your seven fair brethren of great Charles's-wain ;  
No star amongst ye all did, I believe,  
Such vigorous assistance give,  
As that which, thirty years ago,  
At Charles's<sup>2</sup> birth, did, in despite  
Of the proud sun's meridian light,  
His future glories and this year foreshow.  
No less effects than these we may  
Be assured of from that powerful ray,  
Which could outface the sun, and overcome the day.  
Auspicious star ! again arise,  
And take thy noon-tide station in the skies,  
Again all heaven prodigiously adorn ;  
For, lo ! thy Charles again is born.

<sup>2</sup> The star that appeared at noon, the day of the king's birth, just as the king his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that blessing.

He then was born with and to pain ;  
 With and to joy he's born again.  
 And, wisely for this second birth,  
 By which thou certain wert to bless  
 The land with full and flourishing happiness,  
 Thou madest of that fair month thy choice,  
 In which heaven, air, and sea, and earth,  
 And all that's in them, all, does smile and does  
       rejoice.

'Twas a right season ; and the very ground  
 Ought with a face of paradise to be found,  
 Then, when we were to entertain  
 Felicity and innocence again.

Shall we again (good Heaven !) that blessed pair  
 Which the abused people fondly sold [behold,  
 For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,

By seeking all like Gods to be ?  
 Will Peace her halcyon nest venture to build  
 Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,  
 And trust that sea, where she can hardly say  
 She 'as known these twenty years one calmy day ?

Ah ! mild and gall-less dove,  
 Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love,  
 Canst thou in Albion still delight ?

Still canst thou think it white ?  
 Will ever fair Religion appear  
 In these deformed ruins ? will she clear  
 The' Augean stables of her churches here ?

Will Justice hazard to be seen  
 Where a High Court of Justice e'er has been ?  
 Will not the tragic scene  
 And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,  
 Her, who shall never fear ?

Then may Whitehall for Charles's seat be fit,  
If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

Of all, methinks, we least should see  
The cheerful looks again of Liberty.  
That name of Cromwell, which does freshly still  
The curses of so many sufferers fill,  
Is still enough to make her stay,  
And jealous for a while remain,  
Lest, as a tempest carried him away,  
Some hurricane should bring him back again.

Or, she might justlier be afraid  
Lest that great serpent, which was all a tail  
(And in his poisonous folds whole nations prisoners  
Should a third time perhaps prevail [made),  
To join again, and with worse sting arise,  
As it had done when cut in pieces twice.

Return, return, ye sacred Four!  
And dread your perish'd enemies no more.

Your fears are causeless all, and vain,  
Whilst you return in Charles's train ;  
For God does him, that he might you, restore,  
Nor shall the world him only call  
Defender of the faith, but of you all.

Along with you plenty and riches go,  
With a full tide to every port they flow,  
With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country blow.  
Honour does as ye march her trumpet sound,  
The Arts encompass you around,  
And, against all alarms of Fear,  
Safety itself brings up the rear ;  
And, in the head of this angelic band,  
Lo! how the goodly Prince at last does stand  
(O righteous God !) on his own happy land :



'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease  
Recover from so desperate a disease ;

A various complicated ill,  
Whose every symptom was enough to kill ;  
In which one part of three phrensy possess'd,  
And lethargy the rest :

'Tis happy, which no bleeding does endure,  
A surfeit of such blood to cure ;

'Tis happy, which beholds the flame  
In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,  
Or that which, if from Heaven it came,  
It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn.

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree  
Of instant expectation)

That the three dreadful angels we,  
Of famine, sword, and plague, should here establish'd see

(God's great triumvirate of desolation !)

To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation.

Justly might Heaven Protectors such as those,  
And such Committees for their Safety, impose  
Upon a land which scarcely better chose.

We fear'd that the Fanatic war,  
Which men against God's houses did declare,  
Would from th' Almighty enemy bring down  
A sure destruction on our own.

We read the' instructive histories which tell  
Of all those endless mischiefs that befel  
The sacred town which God had loved so well,  
After that fatal curse had once been said, [head !"  
" His blood be upon ours and on our children's  
We know, though there a greater blood was spilt,  
'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.

We know those miseries did befall  
 Whilst they rebell'd against that Prince, whom all  
 The rest of mankind did the love and joy of man-  
 kind call.

Already was the shaken nation  
 Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,  
 And it was hasting on (we thought)  
 Even to the last of ills—annihilation :  
 When, in the midst of this confused night,  
 Lo ! the bless'd Spirit moved, and there was light ;  
 For, in the glorious General's previous ray,  
 We saw a new-created day :  
 We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,  
 The beauteous work of Order moving on.  
 Where are the men who bragged that God did bless,  
 And with the marks of good success  
 Sign his allowance of their wickedness ?  
 Vain men ! who thought the Divine Power to find  
 In the fierce thunder and the violent wind :  
 God came not till the storm was past ;  
 In the still voice of Peace he came at last !  
 The cruel business of destruction  
 May by the claws of the great fiend be done ;  
 Here, here we see the' Almighty's hand indeed,  
 Both by the beauty of the work we see't, and by  
 the speed.

He who had seen the noble British heir,  
 Even in that ill, disadvantageous light  
 With which misfortune strives to' abuse our sight—  
 He who had seen him in his cloud so bright—  
 He who had seen the double pair [fair !—  
 Of brothers, heavenly good ! and sisters, heavenly

Might have perceived, methinks, with ease  
 (But wicked men see only what they please)  
 That God had no intent to' extinguish quite

The pious king's eclipsed right.

He who had seen how by the Power Divine  
 All the young branches of this royal line  
 Did in their fire, without consuming, shine—  
 How through a rough Red-sea they had been led,  
 By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed—  
 How many years of trouble and distress  
 They'd wander'd in their fatal wilderness,  
 And yet did never murmur or repine ;—

Might, methinks, plainly understand,  
 That, after all these conquer'd trials past,

The' Almighty mercy would at last  
 Conduct them with a strong unerring hand  
 To their own Promised Land :

For all the glories of the earth

Ought to be' entail'd by right of birth ;

And all Heaven's blessings to come down  
 Upon his race, to whom alone was given  
 The double royalty of earth and heaven ;  
 Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

The martyrs' blood was said of old to be

The seed from whence the Church did grow.

The royal blood which dying Charles did sow  
 Becomes no less the seed of royalty :

'Twas in dishonour sown ;

We find it now in glory grown,

The grave could but the dross of it devour ;

“ 'Twas sown in weakness, and 'tis raised in power.”

We now the question well decided see,

Which eastern Wits did once contest,

At the great Monarch's feast,

“ Of all on earth what things the strongest be ?”  
And some for women, some for wine, did plead ;  
That is, for Folly and for Rage,  
Two things which we have known indeed  
Strong in this latter age ;  
But, as ’tis proved by Heaven, at length,  
The King and Truth have greatest strength,  
When they their sacred force unite,  
And twine into one right :  
No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies ;  
No cheats, and perjuries, and lies ;  
No nets of human policies ;  
No stores of arms or gold (though you could join  
Those of Peru to the great London mine) ;  
No towns ; no fleets by sea, or troops by land ;  
No deeply-entrenched islands, can withstand,  
Or any small resistance bring  
Against the naked Truth and the’ unarmed King.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile  
End the same night when they begin ;  
No art so far can upon nature win  
As e’er to put out stars, or long keep meteors in.  
Where’s now that *Ignus fatuus*, which ere-while  
Misdled our wandering isle ?  
Where’s the impostor Cromwell gone ?  
Where’s now that Falling-star, his son ?  
Where’s the large Comet now, whose raging flame  
So fatal to our monarchy became ;  
Which o’er our heads in such proud horror stood,  
Insatiate with our ruin and our blood ?  
The fiery tail did to vast length extend ;  
And twice for want of fuel did expire,  
And twice renew’d the dismal fire :

And twice renew'd the dismal fire :  
 Though long the tail, we saw at last its end.  
 The flames of one triumphant day,  
 Which, like an anti-comet here,  
 Did fatally to that appear,  
 For ever frightened it away :  
 Then did the' allotted hour of dawning right  
 First strike our ravish'd sight ;  
 Which malice or which art no more could stay,  
 Than witches' charms can a retardment bring  
 To the resuscitation of the day,  
 Or resurrection of the spring.  
 We welcome both, and with improved delight  
 Bless the preceding winter, and the night !

Man ought his future happiness to fear,  
 If he be always happy here—  
 He wants the bleeding marks of grace,  
 The circumcision of the chosen race.  
 If no one part of him supplies  
 The duty of a sacrifice,  
 He is, we doubt, reserved intire  
 As a whole victim for the fire.  
 Besides, even in this world below,  
 To those who never did ill-fortune know,  
 The good does nauseous or insipid grow.  
 Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess  
 The sharp ingredient of some bad success  
 Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.  
 But the true method of felicity  
 Is, when the worst  
 Of human life is placed the first,  
 And when the child's correction proves to be

The cause of perfecting the man :  
Let our weak days lead up the van ;  
Let the brave Second and Triarian band  
Firm against all impression stand :  
The first we may defeated see ;  
The virtue and the force of these are sure of victory.

Such are the years, great Charles ! which now we see  
Begin their glorious march with thee :  
Long may their march to heaven, and still triumphant, be !

Now thou art gotten once before,  
Ill-fortune never shall o’ertake thee more.  
To see’t again, and pleasure in it find,  
Cast a disdainful look behind ;  
Things which offend when present, and affright,  
In memory well-painted move delight.  
Enjoy, then all thy’ afflictions now—  
Thy royal father’s came at last ;  
Thy martyrdom’s already pass’d :  
And different crowns to both ye owe.  
No gold did e’er the kingly temples bind,  
Than thine more try’d and more refined.  
As a choice medal for Heaven’s treasury  
God did stamp first upon one side of thee .  
The image of his suffering humanity :  
On the’ other side, turn’d now to sight, does shine  
The glorious image of his power divine !

So, when the wisest poets seek  
In all their liveliest colours to set forth  
A picture of heroic worth  
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek) ;

They choose some comely prince of heavenly birth  
 (No proud gigantic son of earth,  
 Who strives to' usurp the gods' forbidden seat);  
 They feed him not with nectar, and the meat  
 That cannot without joy be eat;  
 But, in the cold of want, and storms of adverse  
 chance,  
 They harden his young virtue by degrees:  
 The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,  
 And into solid crystal next advance.  
 His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,  
 And from his flaming country flee:  
 Much is he tost at sea, and much at land;  
 Does long the force of angry gods withstand:  
 He does long troubles and long wars sustain,  
 Ere he his fatal birth-right gain.  
 With no less time or labour can  
 Destiny build up such a man,  
 Who's with sufficient virtue fill'd  
 His ruin'd country to rebuild.  
 Nor without cause are arms from Heaven  
 To such a hero by the posts given;  
 No human metal is of force to' oppose  
 So many and so violent blows.  
 Such was the helmet, breast-plate, shield,  
 Which Charles in all attacks did wield:  
 And all the weapons malice e'er could try,  
 Of all the several makes of wicked policy,  
 Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,  
 Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.  
 To angels and their brethren spirits above,  
 No show on earth can sure so pleasant prove,  
 As when they great misfortunes see  
 With courage borne, and decency.

So were they borne when Worcester's dismal day  
Did all the terrors of black Fate display!

So were they borne when no disguises' cloud

His inward royalty could shrowd;

And one of the' angels whom just God did send

To guard him in his noble flight

(A troop of angels did him then attend!)

Assured me in a vision the' other night,

That he (and who could better judge than he?

Did then more greatness in him see,

More lustre and more majesty, [eye.

Than all his coronation-pomp can show to human

Him and his royal brothers when I saw

New marks of honour and of glory

From their affronts and sufferings draw, [tory;  
And look like heavenly saints e'en in their purga-

Methought I saw the three Judean Youths

(Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths!)

In the Chaldean furnace walk;

How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!

No hair is singed, no smallest beauty blasted!

Like painted lamps they shine unwasted!

The greedy fire itself dares not be fed

With the bless'd oil of an anointed head.

The honourable flame

(Which rather light we ought to name)

Does like a glory compass them around,

And their whole body's crown'd.

What are those two bright creatures which we see

Walk with the royal Three

In the same ordeal fire,

And mutual joys inspire?

Sure they the beauteous sisters are,



Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,  
 Will suffer no affliction to be there !  
 Less favour to those Three of old was shown,  
     To solace with their company  
 The fiery trials of adversity !  
 Two Angels join with these, the others had but one.

Come forth, come forth, ye men of God beloved !

    And let the power now of that flame,  
 Which against you so impotent became,  
     On all your enemies be proved.

Come, mighty Charles ! desire of nations ! come ;

    Come, you triumphant exile ! home.  
 He's come, he's safe at shore ; I hear the noise  
 Of a whole land which does at once rejoice,  
 I hear the united people's sacred voice.

    The sea, which circles us around,  
     Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound ;  
 The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,  
     And swells up every sail :

The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all ;  
 The artificial joy's drown'd by the natural.

All England but one bonfire seems to be,  
 One Ætna shooting flames into the sea :

The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,  
     Take ours at this time for a star.

With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits, flow ;  
 And we, the priests of a poetic rage,

    Wonder that in this golden age

    The rivers too should not do so.

There is no Stoic, sure, who would not now

    Even some excess allow ;

And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly  
 Should end our twenty years of dismal melancholy.

Where's now the royal mother, where,  
To take her mighty share  
In this so ravishing sight,  
And, with the part she takes, to add to the delight?  
Ah! why art thou not here,  
Thou always best, and now the happiest Queen!  
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?  
God has a bright example made of thee,  
To show that woman-kind may be  
Above that sex which her superior seems,  
In wisely managing the wide extremes  
Of great affliction, great felicity.  
How well those different virtues thee become,  
Daughter of triumphs, wife of martyrdom!  
Thy princely mind with so much courage bore  
Affliction, that it dares return no more;  
With so much goodness used felicity,  
That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee;  
'Tis come, and seen to-day in all its bravery!

Who's that heroic person leads it on,  
And gives it like a glorious bride  
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)  
Into the hands now of thy son?  
'Tis the good General, the man of praise,  
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,  
Did to the' enthrall'd nation raise,  
Their great Zerubbabel to be;  
To loose the bonds of long captivity,  
And to rebuild their temple and their city!  
For ever bless'd may he and his remain,  
Who, with a vast, though less-appearing, gain,  
Preferred the solid Great above the Vain,  
And to the world this princely truth has shown—  
That more 'tis to restore, than to usurp, a crown!

Thou worthiest person of the British story !  
 (Though 'tis not small the British glory)  
 Did I not know my humble verse must be  
 But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,  
 Thou and the world should see  
 How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,  
 Does make true praise her labour and design ;  
 An *Iliad* or an *Æneid* should be thine.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,  
 If no acknowledgments we pay  
 To you, great patriots of the two  
 Most truly Other Houses now ;  
 Who have redeem'd from hatred and from shame  
 A Parliament's once venerable name ;  
 And now the title of a House restore,  
 To that which was but Slaughter-house before.  
 If my advice, ye worthies ! might be ta'en,  
 Within those reverend places,  
 Which now your living presence graces,  
 Your marble statues always should remain,  
 To keep alive your useful memory,  
 And to your successors the' example be  
 Of truth, religion, reason, loyalty :  
 For, though a firmly-settled peace  
 May shortly make your public labours cease,  
 The grateful nation will with joy consent  
 That in this sense you should be said  
 (Though yet the name sounds with some dread)  
 To be the Long, the Endless, Parliament.

## QUEEN'S REPAIRING SOMERSET-HOUSE.

WHEN God (the cause to me and men unknown)  
 Forsook the royal houses, and his own,  
 And both abandon'd to the common foe ;  
 How near to ruin did my glories go !  
 Nothing remain'd to' adorn this princely place  
 Which covetous hands could take, or rude deface.  
 In all my rooms and galleries I found  
 The richest figures torn, and all around  
 Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay ;  
 Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day !  
 And me, when nought for robbery was left,  
 They starved to death : the gasping walls were cleft,  
 The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept,  
 No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept ;  
 Nothing was seen which could content the eye,  
 Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.

See how my face is changed ! and what I am  
 Since my true mistress, and now foundress, came !  
 It does not fill her bounty to restore  
 Me as I was (nor was I small before) :  
 She imitates the kindness to her shown ;  
 She does, like Heaven (which the dejected throne  
 At once restores, fixes, and higher rears),  
 Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.  
 And now I dare (though proud I must not be,  
 Whilst my great mistress I so humble see  
 In all her various glories) now I dare  
 Even with the proudest palaces compare.

My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,  
 So just a boast with modesty endure ;  
 And all must to me yield, when I shall tell  
 How I am placed, and who does in me dwell.

Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,  
 Which still with waves of crowding people flows ;  
 And every day there passes by my side,  
 Up to its western reach, the London tide,  
 The spring-tides of the term : my front looks down  
 On all the pride and business of the town ;  
 My other front (for, as in kings we see  
 The liveliest image of the Deity,  
 We in their houses should heaven's likeness find,  
 Where nothing can be said to be Behind)  
 My other fair and more majestic face  
 (Who can the fair to more advantage place ?)  
 For ever gazes on itself below,  
 In the best mirror that the world can show.

And here behold, in a long bending row,  
 How two joint-cities make one glorious bow !  
 The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,  
 Best to be seen by all, and all o'er-see !  
 Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,  
 Here the great court, there the rich town, I spy ;  
 On either side dwells safety and delight ;  
 Wealth on the left, and power upon the right.  
 To' assure yet my defence, on either hand,  
 Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand  
 Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er  
 Man's liberal piety of old did rear ;  
 Where the two princes of the' Apostles' band,  
 My neighbours and my guards, watch and com-  
 mand.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,  
 Might be my object too, were not the eye

Stopp'd by the houses of that wondrous street  
 Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.  
 The stream's eternal siege they fix'd abide,  
 And the swolu stream's auxiliary tide,  
 Though both their ruin with joint power conspire ;  
 Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but fire.  
 And here my Thames, though it more gentle be  
 Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,  
 Finding by art his natural forces broke,  
 And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,  
 Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,  
 But recomposes straight, and calms his face ;  
 Is into reverence and submission strook,  
 As soon as from afar he does but look        [reign  
 Towards the white palace, where that king does  
 Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my seat,  
 And two vast cities, troublesomely great,  
 In a large various plain the country too  
 Opens her gentler blessings to my view :  
 In me the active and the quiet mind,  
 By different ways, equal content may find.  
 If any prouder virtuoso's sense  
 At that part of my prospect take offence,  
 By which the meaner cabins are descry'd,  
 Of my imperial river's humbler side—  
 If they call that a blemish—let them know,  
 God, and my godlike mistress, think not so ;  
 For the distress'd and the afflicted lie  
 Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair river ! who still pay'st to me  
 Just homage, in thy passage to the sea,  
 Take here this one instruction as thou go'st—  
 When thy mix'd waves shall visit every coast ;

When round the world their voyage they shall make,  
And back to thee some secret channels take ;  
Ask them what nobler sight they e'er did meet,  
Except thy mighty master's sovereign fleet,  
Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,  
The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last,  
(Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past !)  
From hence may omens take of that success  
Which both their future wars and peace shall bless.  
The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build ;  
With her son's fabrics the rough sea is fill'd.

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## THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
Beneath a bower for sorrow made  
The' uncomfortable shade  
Of the black yew's unlucky green,  
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful grey,  
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,  
The melancholy Cowley lay :  
And lo ! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,  
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)  
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.  
A golden harp with silver strings she bore ;  
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,  
In which all colours and all figures were,  
That nature or that fancy can create,  
That art can never imitate ;  
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.  
In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,  
She used, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,

Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;      [feet.  
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her

She touch'd him with her harp, and raised him  
from the ground ;

The shaken strings melodiously resound.

“ Art thou return'd at last,” said she,

“ To this forsaken place and me ?

Thou prodigal ! who didst so loosely waste

Of all thy youthful years the good estate ;

Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,

And gather husks of learning up at last,

Now the rich harvest-time of life is pass'd,

And winter marches on so fast ?

But, when I meant to' adopt thee for my son,

And did as learn'd a portion assign,

As ever any of the mighty Nine

Had to their dearest children done ;

When I resolved to' exalt thy' anointed name,

Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame ;

Thou changeling ! thou, bewitch'd with noise and  
show

Wouldst into courts and cities from me go ;

Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share

In all the follies and the tumults there :

Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,

And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst

Business ! the frivolous pretence      [create :

Of human lusts, to shake off innocence ;

Business ! the grave impertinence ;

Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;

Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.

“ Go, renegado ! cast up thy account,

And see to what amount



Thy foolish gains by quitting me :  
 The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,  
 The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy. [pass'd,  
 Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were  
 All thy remaining life should sun-shine be :  
 Behold ! the public storm is spent at last,  
 The sovereign's tost at sea no more,  
 And thou, with all the noble company,  
     Art got at last to shore.

But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see  
 All march'd up to possess the promised land,  
 Thou still alone, alas ! dost gaping stand  
 Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand !

“ As a fair morning of the blessed spring,  
     After a tedious stormy night,  
 Such was the glorious entry of our king ;  
 Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing ;  
 Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light !

    But then, alas ! to thee alone  
 One of old Gideon's miracles was shown ;  
 For every tree and every herb around  
     With pearly dew was crown'd,  
 And upon all the quicken'd ground  
 The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,  
 And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.

    It did all other threats surpass,  
 When God to his own people said [led)  
 (The men whom through long wanderings he had  
     That he would give them even a heaven of brass :  
 They look'd up to that heaven in vain,  
 That bounteous heaven, which God did not restrain  
 Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.  
 The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more

Thou didst with faith and labour serve,  
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,  
Though she contracted was to thee,  
Given to another, who had store  
Of fairer and of richer wives before,  
And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!  
Go on: twice seven years more thy fortune try;  
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may  
Give thee, to fling away  
Into the court's deceitful lottery:  
But think how likely 'tis that thou,  
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,  
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,  
Should even able be to live;  
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,  
In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,  
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.  
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
The melancholy Cowley said—  
" Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid  
The ills which thou thyself hast made?  
When in the cradle innocent I lay,  
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,  
And my abused soul didst bear  
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,  
Thy golden Indies in the air;  
And ever since I strive in vain  
My ravish'd freedom to regain;  
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;  
Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.

There is a sort of stubborn weeds,  
Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;

No wholesome herb can near them thrive,  
No useful plant can keep alive :  
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,  
Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;  
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever  
grow.

“ When my new mind had no infusion known,  
Thou gavest so deep a tincture of thine own,  
That ever since I vainly try  
To wash away the’ inherent dye :  
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,  
But never will reduce the native white :  
To all the ports of honour and of gain  
I often steer my course in vain ;  
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
Thou slackenest all my nerves of industry,  
By making them so oft to be  
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.  
Whoever this world’s happiness would see,  
Must as entirely cast off thee,  
As they who only heaven desire  
Do from the world retire.  
This was my error, this my gross mistake,  
Myself a demi-votary to make.  
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband’s fate  
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),  
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,  
And perish for the part which I retain.

“ Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !  
The court, and better king, to’ accuse :  
The heaven under which I live is fair,  
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :

Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou  
 Makest me sit still and sing, when I should plough.  
 When I but think how many a tedious year

Our patient sovereign did attend

His long misfortunes' fatal end ;  
 How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,  
 On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend ;  
 I ought to be accurst, if I refuse

To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !

Kings have long hands, they say ; and, though I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.

However, of all princes, thou [slow ;  
 Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or  
 Thou ! who rewardest but with popular breath,  
 And that too after death."

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ON

## COLONEL TUKE'S TRAGI-COMEDY,

### THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

As when our kings (lords of the spacious main)  
 Take in just wars a rich plate-fleet of Spain,  
 The rude unshapen ingots they reduce  
 Into a form of beauty and of use ;  
 On which the conqueror's image now does shine,  
 Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine :  
 So, in the mild contentions of the Muse  
 (The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)  
 So have you home to us in triumph brought  
 This cargason of Spain with treasures fraught.  
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth,  
 Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth ;

But by a powerful spirit made it your own ;  
 Metal before, money by you 'tis grown.  
 'Tis current now, by your adorning it  
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But, though we praise this voyage of your mind,  
 And though ourselves enrich'd by it we find ;  
 We're not contented yet, because we know  
 What greater stores at home within it grow.  
 We've seen how well you foreign ores refine ;  
 Produce the gold of your own nobler mine :  
 The world shall then our native plenty view,  
 And fetch materials for their wit from you ;  
 They all shall watch the travails of your pen,  
 And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

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ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

CRUEL Disease ! ah, could not it suffice  
 Thy old and constant spite to exercise  
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,  
 Which still thy depredations most do vex ?

Where still thy malice most of all  
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall ?  
 And in them most assault the fairest place,  
 The throne of empress Beauty, even the face ?  
 There was enough of that here to assuage  
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.  
 Was't not enough, when thou, profane Disease !

Didst on this glorious temple seize ?  
 Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there,  
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,  
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images ?

Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,  
 But thou must quite destroy, the goodly pile?  
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit  
 On the' inward holiest holy of her wit?  
 Cruel Disease! there thou mistookst thy power;  
     No mine of death can that devour;  
 On her embalmed name it will abide  
     An everlasting pyramid,  
 As high as heaven the top, as earth the basis wide.

All ages past record, all countries now  
 In various kinds such equal beauties show,  
     That even judge Paris would not know  
 On whom the golden apple to bestow;  
 Though Goddesses to' his sentence did submit,  
 Women and lovers would appeal from it:  
 Nor durst he say, of all the female race,  
     This is the sovereign face.  
 And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,  
 That's much, ah, much less frequent than the fair)  
 So equally renown'd for virtue are,  
 That it the mother of the Gods might pose,  
 When the best woman for her guide she chose.  
     But if Apollo should design  
     A woman Laureat to make,  
 Without dispute he would Orinda take,  
     Though Sappho and the famous Nine  
     Stood by, and did repine.  
     To be a princess, or a queen,  
 Is great; but 'tis a greatness always seen:  
 The world did never but two women know,  
 Who, one by fraud, the' other by wit, did rise  
 To the two tops of spiritual dignities;  
 One female pope of old, one female poet now.

Of female poets, who had names of old,  
Nothing is shown, but only told,  
And all we hear of them perhaps may be  
Male-flattery only, and male-poetry.  
Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,  
The thunder of their voice did longer last,  
But that too soon was pass'd.

The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit  
In her own lasting characters are writ,  
And they will long my praise of them survive,  
Though long perhaps, too, that may live.

The trade of glory, managed by the pen,  
Though great it be, and every-where is found,  
Does bring in but small profit to us men ;  
'Tis, by the number of the sharers, drown'd.  
Orinda, on the female coasts of Fame,  
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name ;

She does no partner with her see ;  
Does all the business there alone, which we  
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine,  
Unless to virtue's prop it join,  
Firm and erect towards heaven bound ;  
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit  
be crown'd,

It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.

Now shame and blushes on us all,

Who our own sex superior call !

Orinda does our boasting sex out-do,  
Not in wit only, but in virtue too :  
She does above our best examples rise,  
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.

Never did spirit of the manly make,  
 And dipp'd all o'er in Learning's sacred lake,  
 A temper more invulnerable take.  
 No violent passion could an entrance find  
 Into the tender goodness of her mind :  
 Through walls of stone those furious bullets may  
     Force their impetuous way ;                   [they lay !  
 When her soft breast they hit, powerless and dead  
 The fame of Friendship, which so long had told  
 Of three or four illustrious names of old,  
 Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,  
     Rejoices now to' have got a new,  
     A new and more surprising story,  
 Of fair Lucasia's and Orinda's glory.  
 As when a prudent man does once perceive  
 That in some foreign country he must live,  
 The language and the manners he does strive  
     To understand and practise here,  
     That he may come no stranger there :  
 So well Orinda did herself prepare,  
 In this much different clime, for her remove  
 To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

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### HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
     From the old negro's darksome womb !  
     Which, when it saw the lovely child,  
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled ;  
 Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,  
     But ever ebb and ever flow !  
     Thou golden shower of a true Jove !       [love !  
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make



Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health !  
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth !  
Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee !  
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-  
groom he !

Say from what golden quivers of the sky  
Do all thy winged arrows fly ?  
Swiftness and power by birth are thine :  
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word  
Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,  
That so much cost in colours thou,  
And skill in painting, dost bestow,  
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,  
Thy race is finish'd when begun ;  
Let a post-angel start with thee,  
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ;  
And all the year dost with thee bring [spring.  
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
The sun's gilt tents for ever move,  
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,  
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
And with those living spangles gild  
(O greatness without pride !) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,  
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night ;  
Ashamed, and fearful to appear, [sphere.  
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemi-

With them there hastes, and wildly takes the' alarm,  
Of painted dreams a busy swarm :  
At the first opening of thine eye  
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,  
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests :  
Nature to thee does reverence pay,  
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said  
To shake his wings, and rouse his head :  
And cloudy Care has often took  
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold ;  
Thy sunshine melts away his cold.  
Encouraged at the sight of thee,  
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,  
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,  
To Darkness' curtains he retires ;  
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess ! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,  
Out of the morning's purple bed,  
Thy quire of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume  
A body's privilege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries ;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st, [go'st.  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;  
The virgin-lilies, in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands :  
On the fair tulip thou dost dote ;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

With flame condensed thou dost thy jewels fix,  
And solid colours in it mix :  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess ! would thou couldst thy hand with-  
And be less liberal to gold ! [hold,  
Didst thou less value to it give,  
Of how much care, alas ! might'st thou poor man  
relieve !

To me the sun is more delightful far,  
And all fair days much fairer are.  
But few, ah ! wondrous few, there be,  
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess ! even to thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;  
Takes there possession, and does make,  
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day  
In the' empyrean heaven does stay.  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below, [flow.  
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must

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TO

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

PHILOSOPHY, the great and only heir  
Of all that human knowledge which has been  
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,  
Though full of years he do appear  
(Philosophy, I say, and call it He;  
For, whatsoe'er the painter's fancy be,  
It a male-virtue seems to me),  
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,  
Nor managed or enjoy'd his vast estate. [thought,  
Three or four thousand years, one would have  
To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
A science so well bred and nurst,  
And of such hopeful parts too at the first:  
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then  
(Some negligent and some ambitious men)

Would ne'er consent to set him free,  
Or his own natural powers to let him see,  
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

That his own business he might quite forget,  
They amus'd him with the sports of wanton wit ;  
With the desserts of poetry they fed him,  
Instead of solid meats to' increase his force ;  
Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him  
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse ;

Instead of carrying him to see  
The riches which do hoarded for him lie

In Nature's endless treasury,  
They chose his eye to entertain

(His curious but not covetous eye)

With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.  
Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown ;  
That labour'd to assert the liberty  
(From guardians who were now usurpers grown)  
Of this old minor still, captived Philosophy ;

But 'twas rebellion call'd, to fight

For such a long-oppressed right.

Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose

(Whom a wise king, and Nature, chose,

Lord chancellor of both their laws),

And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause.

Authority—which did a body boast,  
Though 'twas but air condensed, and stalk'd about,  
Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,

To terrify the learned rout—

With the plain magic of true Reason's light

He chased out of our sight ;

Countries, where yet, instead of Nature, we  
Her images and idols worshipp'd see :  
These large and wealthy regions to subdue,  
Though Learning has whole armies at command,  
    Quarter'd about in every land,  
A better troop she ne'er together drew :  
    Methinks, like Gideon's little band,  
    God with design has pick'd out you,  
To do those noble wonders by a few :  
When the whole host he saw, "They are" (said he)  
    " Too many to o'ercome for me ;"  
    And now he chooses out his men,  
    Much in the way that he did then ;  
    Not those many whom he found  
    Idly' extended on the ground,  
    To drink with their dejected head  
The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled :  
    No ; but those few who took the waters up,  
And made of their laborious hands the cup.

Thus you prepared, and in the glorious fight  
    Their wondrous pattern too you take ;  
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,  
And with their hands then lifted up the light.  
    Io ! sound too the trumpets here !  
Already your victorious lights appear ;  
New scenes of heaven already we espy,  
And crowds of golden worlds on high,  
Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea  
    Could never yet discover'd be,  
By sailors' or Chaldeans' watchful eye.  
Nature's great works no distance can obscure,  
No smallness her near objects can secure ;

Y' have taught the curious sight to press  
Into the privatest recess  
Of her imperceptible littleness !  
Y' have learn'd to read her smallest hand,  
And well begun her deepest sense to understand !

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those  
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose  
So virtuous and so noble a design,  
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.  
The things which these proud men despise, and call  
Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
Those smallest things of nature let me know,  
Rather than all their greatest actions do !  
Whoever would deposed Truth advance  
Into the throne usurp'd from it,  
Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance,  
And the sharp points of envious Wit.  
'So, when, by various turns of the celestial dance,  
In many thousand years  
A star, so long unknown, appears,  
Though heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,  
It troubles and alarms the world below ;  
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, show.

With courage and success you the bold work begin ;  
Your cradle has not idle been :  
None e'er, but Hercules and you, would be  
At five years age worthy a history.  
And ne'er did Fortune better yet  
The' historian to the story fit :  
As you from all old errors free  
And purge the body of Philosophy ;  
So from all modern follies he

Has vindicated Eloquence and Wit.  
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,  
 And his bright fancy, all the way,  
 Does like the sunshine in it play ;  
 It does, like Thames, the best of rivers ! glide,  
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,  
 But gently pour, the crystal urn, [guide :  
 And with judicious hand does the whole current  
 'T has all the beauties Nature can impart,  
 And all the comely dress, without the paint, of Art.

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UPON  
 THE CHAIR

MADE OUT OF  
 SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP,

PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF OXFORD BY  
 JOHN DAVIS, OF DEPTFORD, ESQUIRE.

To this great ship, which round the globe has run,  
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,  
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim  
 Without presumption so deserved a name,  
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)  
 In her new shape, this sacred port allow.  
 Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate  
 A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate ;  
 For, lo ! a seat of endless rest is given  
 To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.



## PROLOGUE

TO THE

CUTTER OF COLMAN STREET.

As, when the midland sea is nowhere clear  
 From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier—  
 Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,  
 And upon which nought can be got but blows—  
 The merchant-ships so much their passage doubt,  
 That, though full-freighted, none dares venture out,  
 And trade decays, and scarcity ensues ;  
 Just so the timorous wits of late refuse,  
 Though laded, to put forth upon the stage,  
 Affrighted by the critics of this age.

It is a party numerous, watchful, bold ;    [hold ;  
 They can from nought, which sails in sight, with-  
 Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder spare ;  
 They shoot, alas ! with wind-guns charged with air.  
 But yet, gentlemen critics of Argier,  
 For your own interest I'd advise ye here,  
 To let this little forlorn-hope go by  
 Safe and untouch'd, "That must not be" (you'll cry).  
 If ye be wise, it must ; I'll tell you why.

There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are be-  
                   hind

Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind,  
 And the glad news that we the enemy miss ;  
 And those are all your own, if you spare this.  
 Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new ;  
 Some by known shipwrights built, and others too  
 By that great author made, whoe'er he be,  
 That styles himself " Person of Quality :"

All these, if we miscarry here to-day,  
Will rather till they rot in the' harbour stay;  
Nay, they will back again, though they were come  
Even to their last safe road, the tyring-room.  
Therefore again I say, If you be wise,  
Let this for once pass free; let it suffice  
That we, your sovereign power here to avow,  
Thus humbly, ere we pass, strike sail to you.

## ADDED AT COURT.

STAY, gentlemen; what I have said was all  
But forced submission, which I now recall.  
Ye're all but pirates now again; for here  
Does the true sovereign of the seas appear,  
The sovereign of these narrow seas of wit;  
'Tis his own Thames; he knows and governs it.  
'Tis his dominion and domain; as he  
Pleases, 'tis either shut to us, or free.  
Not only, if his passport we obtain,  
We fear no little rovers of the main;  
But, if our Neptune his calm visage show,  
No wave shall dare to rise or wind to blow.

END OF VOL. I.





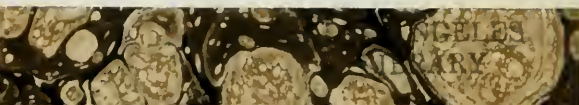


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